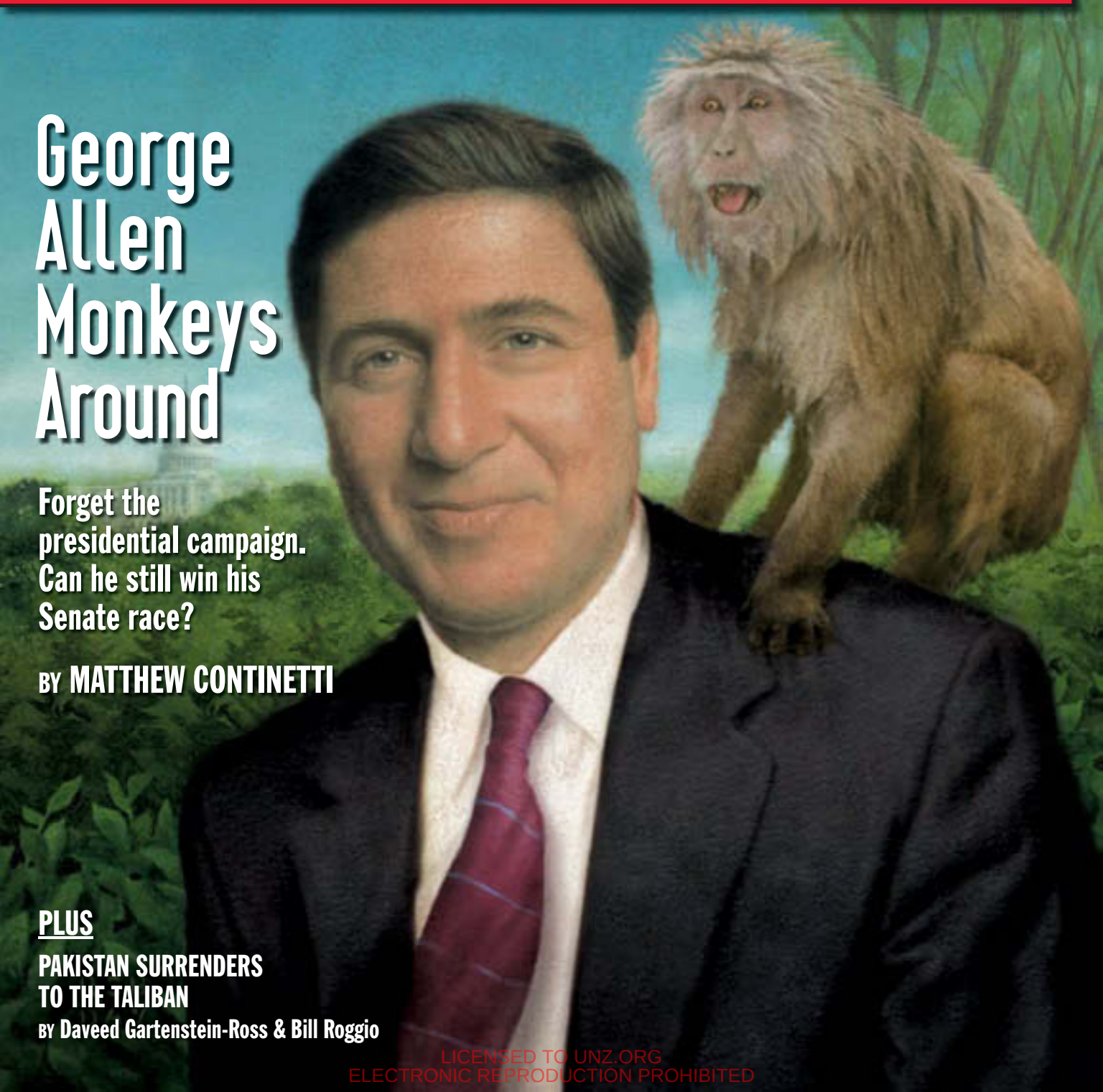
the weekly
Standard

OCTOBER 2, 2006 $3.95

POPE BENEDICT, A REASONABLE MAN
LEE HARRIS



George Allen Monkeys Around

Forget the presidential campaign. Can he still win his Senate race?

BY MATTHEW CONTINETTI

PLUS

PAKISTAN SURRENDERS TO THE TALIBAN
BY Daveed Gartenstein-Ross & Bill Roggio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some say depression is all in your head. Well, that's right. And wrong. It's right because depression is in the head, or more precisely, the brain. In fact, we've seen how it destroys the connections between brain cells.

Depression Is Real.

But saying depression is all in your head is also wrong. There's nothing imaginary about depression. It's a serious, medical condition that affects every aspect of a person's health. And untreated depression kills thousands of Americans a year — through suicide and by intensifying the symptoms of life threatening illnesses such as cancer and heart disease.

Hope Is Real, Too.

Today, research has identified many of the biological and environmental factors that contribute to depression. And medical science has developed effective treatments that can restore brain cell connections and lead to recovery. These treatments save lives. Depression is real. Fortunately, hope is real, too. To get the facts, please visit us at DepressionIsReal.org.

[Dr. Paul Greengard 2000 Nobel Laureate in Medicine]

"Every year, without any treatment at all, thousands stop suffering from depression. Because it kills them."

DepressionIsReal.org

American Psychiatric Foundation | Depression and Bipolar Support Alliance | League of United Latin American Citizens | National Alliance on Mental Illness
National Medical Association | National Mental Health Association | National Urban League

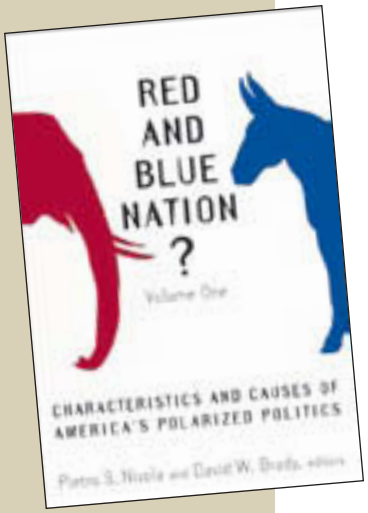
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Critical Readings from Hoover Institution Fellows

Red and Blue Nation?

Characteristics and Causes of America's Polarized Politics

EDITED BY PIETRO S. NIVOLA AND DAVID W. BRADY



Analysts and pundits increasingly perceive a widening gulf between "red states" and "blue states." Yet the research to support that perception is scattered and sometimes difficult to parse. America's polarized politics, it is said, poses fundamental dangers for democratic and accountable government. Heightened partisanship is thought to degrade deliberation in Congress and threaten the integrity of other institutions, from the courts to the media. But how deep do the country's political divisions actually run? Are they truly wreaking havoc upon the social fabric? Has America become a house divided? This important new book, *Red and Blue Nation?* gets to the bottom of this perplexing issue.

The first of two volumes cosponsored by Brookings and the Hoover Institution carefully considers the extent to which polarized views among political leaders and activists are reflected in the population at large.

In *Red and Blue Nation?* leading journalists and scholars combine their different insights to enrich our understanding of the issue, offering thoughtful analyses of the underlying problems. This comprehensive and accessible discussion of the polarization debate will be an essential resource for policymakers, scholars, and anyone interested in the health of American public discourse.

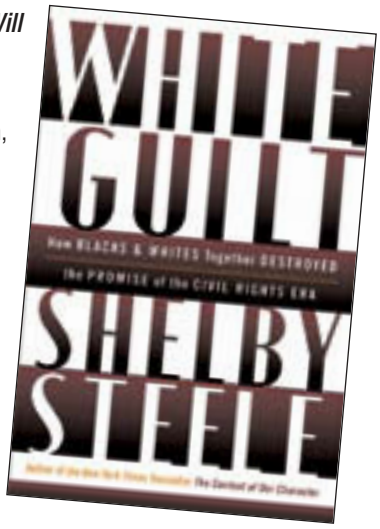
Brookings Institution Press
250 pages 0-815-76083-3 $22.95 paper
December 2006
www.brookings.edu/press
1-800-537-5487

White Guilt

How Blacks and Whites Together Destroyed the Promise of the Civil Rights Era

SHELBY STEELE

"Shelby Steele is America's clearest thinker about America's most difficult problem."
— George F. Will



In 1955 the murderers of Emmett Till, a black Mississippi youth, were acquitted of their crime, undoubtedly because they were white. Forty years later, O. J. Simpson, whom many thought would be found guilty of murder by virtue of the DNA evidence against him, went free after his attorney portrayed him as a victim of racism. Clearly, a sea change has taken place in American culture, but how did it happen? In this important new work, distinguished race relations scholar Shelby Steele argues that the age of white supremacy has given way to an age of white guilt—and neither that has been good for African Americans.

Shelby Steele is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

Harper Collins Publishers
192 pages 0-06-057862-9 $24.95 Hardcover
May 2006
www.harpercollins.com
212-207-7000

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eggonomics.

Where do most of America's homeowners keep most of their savings?

In their home. It's their nest egg.

Home equity is the cornerstone of family wealth. For over half of America's homeowners, at least fifty percent of their wealth is the equity in their homes.

And Freddie Mac helps make homeownership possible.

Freddie Mac makes mortgage money available, so lenders can make more home loans. We've helped over forty-four million families own their own home.

And since nearly twenty percent of America's economy is home and housing related, Freddie Mac helps strengthen America's future.

Freddie Mac. Our mission is to make home possible. And it's working.

Freddie Mac

We make home possible℠

www.FreddieMac.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contents

October 2, 2006 • Volume 12, Number 3

2 Scrapbook . . . . . *'Christianists,' Dixie Chicks, and more.*

4 Casual . . . . . *Philip Terzian, American in Kazakhstan.*

6 Correspondence . . . . . *On Human Rights Watch, etc.*

11 Editorial. . . . . *More Troops*

Articles

12 Pakistan Surrenders *The Taliban control the border with Afghanistan. . .* BY DAVEED GARTENSTEIN-ROSS & BILL ROGGIO

14 More Hot Air from the EPA *Yes, they do regulate lawn mowers.* . . . . . BY MICHAEL FUMENTO

18 The Islamization of Morocco *Extremism is displacing moderation in the North African kingdom. . .* BY OLIVIER GUITTA

Cover: Rob Day

Features

20 George Allen Monkeys Around
Forget the presidential campaign. Can he still win his Senate race?. . . . . BY MATTHEW CONTINETTI

30 Socrates or Muhammad?
Joseph Ratzinger on the destiny of reason. . . . . . BY LEE HARRIS

Books & Arts

37 What Dylan Is Not *Poet Laureate of the left, for one.* . . . . . BY SEAN CURNYN

39 Soldier of Iraq *How a genuine hero was laid low by politics.* . . . . . BY HENRIK BERING

41 The Maritain Way *'Too liberal for conservatives, and too conservative for liberals.'.* . . . . . BY EDWARD SHORT

44 The Big Two *Stalin's lies, Roosevelt's anger, and an awkward alliance.* . . . . . BY ANDREW ROBERTS

45 London Calling *Freaks, lunatics, and Labour MPs.* . . . . . BY GREG GUTFELD

47 THE STANDARD READER . . . . . The Female Thing *by Laura Kipnis.*

48 Parody. . . . . *The HP Golf & Country Club.*

William Kristol, *Editor* **Fred Barnes,** *Executive Editor*
Richard Starr, *Deputy Editor* **Claudia Anderson,** *Managing Editor*
David Tell, *Opinion Editor* **Christopher Caldwell, Andrew Ferguson,** *Senior Editors* **Philip Terzian,** *Books & Arts Editor*
Stephen F. Hayes, Matt Labash, *Senior Writers* **Victorino Matus, David Skinner,** *Assistant Managing Editors*
Matthew Continetti, *Associate Editor* **Jonathan V. Last,** *Online Editor* **Daniel McKivergan,** *Online Foreign Editor*
Sonny Bunch, *Assistant Editor* **Duncan Currie,** *Reporter* **Michael Goldfarb,** *Deputy Online Editor*
Whitney Blake, Joseph Lindsley, *Editorial Assistants*
Lev Nisnevitch, *Art Director* **Philip Chalk,** *Production Director*
Paul Weisner, *Finance Director* **Catherine Lowe,** *Marketing Director*
Taybor Cook, *Office Manager* **Carolyn Wimmer,** *Executive Assistant* **Abigail Lavin,** *Staff Assistant*
Gerard Baker, Max Boot, Joseph Bottum, Tucker Carlson, John J. DiIulio Jr., Noemie Emery, Joseph Epstein, David Frum, David Gelernter, Reuel Marc Gerecht, Brit Hume, Frederick W. Kagan, Robert Kagan, Charles Krauthammer, Tod Lindberg, P. J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Irwin M. Stelzer, *Contributing Editors*
Terry Eastland, *Publisher*

the weekly Standard

The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013), a division of News America Incorporated, is published weekly (except the first week in January, third week in April, second week in July, and fourth week in August) at 1150 17th St., NW, Suite 505, Washington D.C. 20036. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-283-2014. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153; changes of address to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-902-563-4723 for subscription inquiries. Visa/MasterCard payment accepted. Cover price, $3.95. Back issues, $3.95 (includes postage and handling). Send letters to the editor to The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. For a copy of The Weekly Standard Privacy Policy, visit www.weeklystandard.com or write to Customer Service, The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th St., NW, Suite 505, Washington, D.C. 20036. Copyright 2006, News America Incorporated. All rights reserved. No material in The Weekly Standard may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. The Weekly Standard is a registered trademark of News America Incorporated.

BPA INTERNATIONAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back Before the Theocrats Took Over

The Scrapbook had been under the impression that while America is still a churchgoing nation when compared with Europe, nonetheless our public life is increasingly secularized. But a few months ago, our bookshelves began groaning under new titles warning of theocracy, of theocons, of religious rightists on the march—including the dreaded American version of the Islamist, the "Christianist."

The August/September issue of *First Things* carried a deft review and deflation of this burgeoning literature by Ross Douthat, an occasional contributor to our pages, under the title "Theocracy! Theocracy! Theocracy!" Douthat argued that "the fear of theocracy has become a defining panic of the Bush era," hence the recent flood of books. The various authors, he summarized, "are in agreement about the main point, which is that something has gone terribly wrong with the separation of church and state in this country, and that America is poised to fall into the hands of people only one step from the ayatollahs."

There are many things wrong with this thesis, but its willful ignorance of American history has to rank near the top of the list. We came across a particularly striking example the other day while thumbing through the archives of the *New York Times*. It tells of the unveiling in 1952 of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. And who was the headline speaker? Harry Truman's secretary of state Dean Acheson, a man more commonly identified nowadays as "urbane" than as a Bible-thumper.

ACHESON STRESSES BIBLE'S ROLE IN U. S.

At Rally for New Version, He Tells 10,000 Its Effect Has Been 'Enormous'

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29—Secretary of State Dean Acheson tonight portrayed the Bible, which appears in a new version tomorrow, as having had a predominating role in shaping the national life of this country.

Its place, he said, was "enormous" and its influence had been shared only by the land itself and "the people who came here and who were born here."

The Secretary spoke befor 10,000 persons assembled in t National Guard Armory to brate a National Capital Observance, and to mar lication of the rev version of the after twenty

Mr. A dent

(Please, no angry letters. The Scrapbook is well aware that there are plenty of urbane Christians; we are dealing here with the prejudices of American intellectuals.) Acheson, the *Times* reported on September 30, 1952, represented Truman, who had "received the first copy of the new Bible at a White House ceremony. National leaders in church and Government, and the diplomatic envoys of almost two-score countries, took part in the first public service in which the new-version Bible was used." According to Acheson, for American settlers "the Book was all," and Americans had learned from it that "the fear of God was the love of God, and that the love of God was the love of man, and the service of man." He contrasted this, the *Times* reported, with "the Soviet thesis 'to hate in order to avoid the softness of the love of man.'"

The novelty in American politics, as Douthat noted, was the decision in the 1970s by "Democrats to identify with a segment of the population—self-identified secularists and nonbelievers—that has grown rapidly over the past three decades and grown more assertive along the way." And "the hysteria over theocracy, in turn, represents an attempt to rewrite the history of the United States to suit these voters' prejudices." ♦

Great U.N. Moments

Amazingly, if you query the Nexis database you will learn that people still invoke the "moral authority" of the United Nations with a straight face. Dr. Johnson referred to this, in a slightly different context, as the triumph of hope over experience. Last week saw the appearance before the General Assembly of the Iranian Holocaust-denier Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, dreaming of the imminent apocalyptic end of the world. Which you might think would be hard to top, except that Venezuela's Hugo Chavez managed it, with his scholarly musings on the American evildoers: "The devil is right at home. The devil, the devil himself, is right in the house. And the devil came here yesterday. Yesterday the devil came here. Right here. Right here [crosses himself]. And it smells of sulfur still today. . . .Yesterday, ladies and gentlemen, from this rostrum, the president of the United States, the gentleman to whom I refer as the devil, came here, talking as if he owned the world."

On the one hand, it's a travesty that American taxpayers contribute more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than $400 million a year to provide a soapbox to the world's trailer-trash thugs. On the other hand, at a mere dollar-and-change per American per year, you could argue that it's the cheapest spectacle this side of reality TV, if not quite as uplifting. ♦

Hicks Nix Chicks Tix

The Dixie Chicks may need to look into changing their name. Not since the members of Sonic Youth turned middle-aged has there been a band name less fitting. First the Chicks said they didn't consider themselves a country music band anymore. Then they released an album, *Taking the Long Way*, an aimless pop confection that entirely lacks the dirt-road spunk of their other work. And finally, they decided to release as the album's first single a resentful track called "Not Ready to Make Nice."

Nor were their fans, apparently, who took a pass on the Chicks' U.S. tour to such an extent that the band had to cancel several shows. And though the Chicks' new album debuted at number one on *Billboard*, it has gone on to sell only a quarter as many copies as their last album, *Home*, and only about an eighth as many as their bestselling 1998 *Wide Open Spaces*.

One can, of course, view all this feuding between the band and country music fans as a proxy war between George W. Bush and musician-celebrities of a leftist bent, in which case the president looks like he's going to pull this one out. The Chicks have, however, called in reinforcements.

A documentary made with the Chicks' cooperation follows the band after singer Natalie Maines's comment to a British audience on the eve of the Iraq war, "Just so you know, we're ashamed the president of the United States is from Texas," and through the ensuing controversy. It played earlier this month at the Toronto Film Festival. The title, *Shut Up and Sing*, appears to be an echo of Laura Ingraham's fine book of the same name, though the politics were pure left: Co-director Barbara Kopple is also known for her work on the fact-challenged, John Kerry-associated, anti-Vietnam war Winter Soldier project.

As for the Dixie Chicks, they added shows in Canada to pick up the slack in their touring schedule. ♦

Satire Alert

An item for all the baseball fans, from the fine folks at *The Onion*:

Alfonso Soriano
Regrets Joining 40-40 Club
After Meeting Other Members

WASHINGTON, DC—Upon recording his 40th stolen base of the season, in addition to his 45 home runs, and gaining entry into baseball's exclusive 40-40 club, Nationals left-fielder Alfonso Soriano said that after meeting the other three members—Jose Canseco, Barry Bonds, and Alex Rodriguez—he now understands why no one has joined in the past eight years.

You can read the full story at *www.theonion.com/content/node/53084*. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Casual

Steppes in Time

I'm very much looking forward to seeing the new Sacha Baron Cohen movie. It's a spinoff from his popular British television series, *Da Ali G Show*, and features Borat, a fictional TV reporter from Kazakhstan, played by Cohen. The movie's ostensible title is *Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan*.

I should confess that I am not one of Cohen's greatest admirers—I find his "Ali G" character tedious—but Borat is another matter. With his Turkish-style moustache, 1970s wardrobe, surreal vocabulary, and generally clueless demeanor, Borat is a broad (but not too broad) impersonation of a TV personality in the Commonwealth of Independent States.

Moreover, from a commercial standpoint, Cohen has struck pay dirt: Borat seems to have annoyed Kazakhstan's authoritarian government, which has darkly hinted that the Borat character might be "serving someone's political order." Indeed, the Kazakh Foreign Ministry was obliged to shoot down rumors that President Nursultan Nazarbayev intends to raise the subject when he meets with President Bush this month.

I take some interest in all this because, unlike Sacha Baron Cohen, I have actually been to Kazakhstan, interviewed President Nazarbayev, and exchanged pleasantries with Kazakh TV reporters. Strictly speaking, Kazakhstan is about as remote a destination as any journalist could want: flat, windswept, bleak, hidden behind the Alta mountains from western China and ringed by rusting factory towns, asbestos-bound pipelines, and nuclear lakes. The population is half Kazakh and half Slavic, the Slavs having been exiled to "virgin lands" by Stalin and Khrushchev.

Of course, Borat is a comic creation—boorish, lascivious, anti-Semitic—and his credulity and fractured English are wildly overdrawn. But as with most such inventions, there is a kernel of truth in Cohen's bag of tricks.

Just as there really are some beefy southern sheriffs and wisecracking Brooklynites, some of the people I met in Kazakhstan seemed straight out of Central Casting. President Nazarbayev himself, a pleasant, moon-faced autocrat, received me in an office festooned with rococo furniture and golden draperies. Its gigantic scale confirmed a theory of mine: that the size of a statesman's residence is in inverse relation to his country's significance.

Darren Gygi

I was in Kazakhstan ostensibly to report on its first parliamentary elections—the president's Fatherland party did remarkably well—but public acquaintance with the franchise was, shall we say, limited. At the polls, more than a few people approached me, thinking I was a visiting Russian, to seek "guidance" in choosing the right candidate.

At one polling place in the capital city of Astana, I asked an election worker if she might have a sample ballot to spare. Dressed in a crypto-military uniform—and bearing more than a passing resemblance to Frau Farbissina in the Austin Powers films—she literally reared back in her chair, widened her eyes, and declined to dignify my impertinence with a response.

I did manage to collect several English-language brochures from the government information agency, ostensibly for NGOs and election observers. I have one before me now entitled *What a Candidate for Election to the Majlis of the Parliament of the Republic of Kazakhstan, Presenting Them Persons and the Members of Organizing Bodies Should Know About Elections*.

And what about Kazakh cuisine, you might ask? As far as I could tell, the Kazakhs live on an unremitting diet of horsemeat, which, as a sometime rider, I was disinclined to consume. In the village of Kovondoi, high on the steppes, my presence was celebrated by the arrival of several charming peasant girls in national costume, bearing a huge tureen filled with pasta for an afternoon feast. As we sat down to gorge—me, the girls, election officials, and an exiled Ukrainian farmer who was chairman of the local "wheat brigade"—I realized the meal was not pasta at all, but steamed fat, in various forms, and from inside what creatures I dared not inquire.

Surely the metaphor for my journey emerged when I flew on Kazakh Air from Almaty to points north. The overhead compartment, contrary to custom, was open, and over the first several rows it was stuffed with straw. A neighboring passenger, a Munich businessman, asked me if I knew why there was straw on board, and I remember making a joke (in fractured German) about the aircraft's engines, horsepower, and nourishment. He didn't laugh.

In due course, the plane took off; and as it banked to the left and rose in the sky, bundles of straw shifted overhead, releasing a shower into the aisle and all over me and my German companion. If only Borat and his camera crew had been on board!

Philip Terzian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA'S JOB ENGINE IS MADE OF STEEL

American steel producers generate more than 1.2 million jobs.

Steel is the vanguard of manufacturing, essential to the automotive, construction and defense industries – and each steel industry job generates seven jobs in other economic sectors. Innovation and technology have transformed America's steel industry into one of the world's most competitive, sustainable and environmentally progressive. Steel productivity has more than tripled since the early 1980s, adding $350 billion annually to the American economy.

The New Steel Feel the Strength.

For more information, visit www.steel.org

A message from the American Iron and Steel Institute (AISI)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watching Human Rights

Rather than address the detailed and troubling evidence that Israel recently turned much of southern Lebanon into a free-fire zone, with predictable deadly consequences for civilians, Joshua Muravchik summarily dismisses the evidence as the product of one big leftist conspiracy with origins going back to the Cold War ("Human Rights Watch vs. Human Rights," Sept. 11).

Without even bothering to visit Lebanon, Muravchik is somehow certain that there was no truth to the scores of victim and witness accounts describing Israel's repeated targeting of civilian homes and vehicles where there was no Hezbollah military presence. Inexplicably, the detailed, painstaking methods that Human Rights Watch has used successfully in countless war zones worldwide to cut through any attempt to color the facts—the careful probing of witnesses, the cross-checking, the corroboration, the physical inspection of sites—suddenly don't work when the focus is Israel. Even the Israeli government hasn't produced a single fact to refute Human Rights Watch's findings.

Muravchik notes that the Israeli government warned civilians to evacuate southern Lebanon, but then ignores the repeated assertions by Israeli officials that, accordingly, there were no civilians left and so all people who remained could be targeted as Hezbollah terrorists. Never mind that many civilians couldn't flee because of infirmity, the skyrocketing expense of transportation, or legitimate fear of becoming another roadway casualty of Israeli bombing. Never mind that this logic would entitle Hezbollah to "warn" civilians to flee northern Israel and then claim justification for firing away.

Instead, Muravchik resorts to charges of bias. The evidence? That Human Rights Watch hasn't subscribed to his bizarre view that Hezbollah's repeated and disturbing statements of genocidal intent mean that Hezbollah in fact has already committed genocide against the Jews of northern Israel. For Muravchik, the killing of 39 Israeli civilians by Hezbollah rockets is in the same league with such real genocides as the slaughter of six million Jews in the Holocaust or the murder of up to 100,000 Iraqi Kurds by Saddam Hussein. It should have been enough to join Human Rights Watch in repeatedly denouncing Hezbollah's indiscriminate and deadly rocket attacks as war crimes and pressing for their end, but to call them genocide cheapens a concept whose continued vitality could be a matter of life and death for those who really face it. It also does a disservice to a people whose ancestors have experienced the real horror of genocide.

Muravchik also engages in a twisted exercise of bean-counting: Human Rights Watch has produced fewer interventions on

Israel than on, to name several neighbors, Iraq, Iran, Turkey, Sudan, and Egypt, but more than on certain other governments that Muravchik prefers to highlight. Yet he never bothers to explain why Human Rights Watch's groundbreaking 172-page report on Palestinian suicide bombing should be equated with, say, a one-page press release criticizing Israel. Meanwhile, he never mentions HRW's detailed, on-site study of Hezbollah's rocket attacks on northern Israel—the most comprehensive survey available. He notes that Hezbollah packed many of its warheads with ball bearings to maximize their lethal effect, but fails to reveal that it was Human Rights Watch investigators who first publicly reported that fact. Finally, he falls back on a Byzantine grading scheme devised by "NGO Monitor," an organization set up by a security consultant to the Israeli government that has never found a single criticism of Israel to be valid but routinely concocts facts to dismiss criticisms as the product of bias.

Ironically, the IDF has responded to Human Rights Watch's reporting on Lebanon with far more seriousness than the reflexive defenders of Israel like Muravchik. It is hardly in Israel's interest to needlessly kill civilians. But that means learning the lessons from this recent war, not summarily dismissing them with cheap charges of bias and Cold War conspiracies.

Kenneth Roth
Executive Director, Human Rights Watch
New York, N.Y.

Joshua Muravchik responds: Kenneth Roth is not an honest man. He begins by attributing to me the notion of "one big leftist conspiracy." I said the opposite, namely, that various human rights organizations, his especially, include people genuinely devoted to the cause and others with ulterior agendas. He contradicts himself when he next imputes to me sarcastically the view that HRW's methods "suddenly don't work when the focus is Israel." But again I said the opposite, namely, that HRW's bias against Israel is akin to its bias in favor of the Nicaraguan Sandinistas in the 1980s. All the "careful probing" and the like with which he regales us is worthless if the investigators are biased.

Roth asserts that Israel "hasn't produced a single fact" proving its innocence. But HRW did not produce a single fact proving the vicious charge that Israel deliberately targeted civilians. Is HRW's method to fling charges and then challenge the accused to disprove them?

Roth says that Israeli exhortations to Lebanese civilians to leave areas where Hezbollah was dug in "would entitle Hezbollah to 'warn' civilians to flee northern Israel and then claim justification for firing away." But Israel issued warnings because it was endeavoring to separate civilians from military targets whereas Hezbollah sought no such justification because it was deliberately and unashamedly aiming at civilians. Why can't Roth and HRW grasp this distinction?

Regarding my point that HRW ignored Hezbollah's genocidal intent, Roth argues that Hezbollah has not committed genocide yet. But whenever the moral vacuity of HRW's work on the Middle East is pointed out, Roth insists that his touchstone is international law. The law on genocide obligates states first of all to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Does This Stand For?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"prevent" it. Hezbollah says it wants to kill Jews and has killed hundreds. The time to prevent worse is now.

Finally, Roth asserts misleadingly that HRW has produced fewer reports on Israel than on some of its neighbors. HRW produced many times more documents aimed against Israel than against the Palestinian Authority, Syria, Libya, or Saudi Arabia. It has produced more documents on Iraq—but only after the American invasion. Before then, HRW criticized Saddam Hussein's Iraq only one-third as often as Israel. The only neighboring country that HRW may have criticized slightly more often than Israel is Egypt.

But even this is not certain, for the following astounding reason. After NGO Monitor issued a report documenting HRW's bias, I asked HRW for its response. Roth sent me an email contradicting NGO Monitor's numbers and inviting me to "check [HRW's website] if you're so inclined." Sure enough, where NGO Monitor had cited 31 Israel-related pieces I could find only 26. After hours of searching, I discovered that HRW had expunged 5 of the records, sanitizing its own website to reduce the number of items listed for Israel. In short, HRW compounded its big deception of making Israel out to be the region's main culprit with petty deceptions to hide the evidence of its own record.

Nuts vs. Bolton

I read Fred Barnes's "Second Time's a Charm?" (Sept. 18) with a deep sense of satisfaction. Having learned a considerable amount about John Bolton when he was just a youngster, I have always been a staunch supporter of the present U.S. ambassador to the United Nations.

I had the good fortune of serving as his principal for two years when he entered the seventh grade in 1959 as a scholarship student at the McDonogh School, located just north of Baltimore. Even at his tender age, and later in high school, Bolton was never afraid to take a stand to defend his position on any subject. The status quo never satisfied him, particularly when he thought there was a more realistic and efficient way of solving a problem. He continues to exhibit these characteristics in the straightforward manner with which he approaches his responsibilities at the United Nations.

I recommend that his skeptics crawl out of their ruts and try considering the suggestions presented by Ambassador Bolton. He will never agree merely for agreement's sake, as his shallow-thinking critics would like to see him do. Would that more of his U.N. colleagues—and the U.S. senators responsible for his future confirmation—acted in a similar fashion. Assisting in solving the world's problems requires leaders with a clear vision and courage to express that vision. Bolton has both.

Quinton D. Thompson
Towson, Md.

Pro-Profiling

My personal experience supports Philip Terzian's point that the petty tyranny of political correctness befuddles our thinking about national security ("Profiles in Correctness," Sept. 18).

When I was employed by the State Department, I worked in an office that oversees the expenditure of millions of dollars to provide training and equipment to help foreign governments protect their borders and ports from the spread of weapons of mass destruction. A critical element of that training is instructing foreign border control officers how to target (that is, profile) suspect cargo shipments that might warrant closer inspection. This, after all, is what our own customs officers do; all cargo cannot and need not be examined.

Identical procedures should apply to airport passenger screening. A Dubuque grandma is not even remotely a plausible terrorist suspect. Failing to employ intelligent targeting (or "profiling") of cargo and passengers is a feckless waste of precious resources and a dangerous distraction from the serious business at hand.

John W. Coffey
Fairfax, Va.

Correction

In "The Case of the Missing Crime" (Sept. 25), we mistakenly reported that Bob Woodward's conversation with Richard Armitage took place on June 12, 2003, and that Woodward "bumped into [Scooter] Libby" that same day. In fact, Woodward testified that his conversation with Armitage took place on June 13, 2003, and that he had a phone conversation with Libby on June 23 of that year as well as a June 27 interview in Libby's office. Also, the maximum prison sentence to which Libby is exposed is 30 years, not 25.

• • •

The Weekly Standard
welcomes letters to the editor.
Letters will be edited for length and clarity and must include the writer's name, address, and phone number.
All letters should be addressed:
Correspondence Editor
The Weekly Standard
1150 17th St., NW, Suite 505
Washington, DC 20036.

Advertising Sales

Peter Dunn, *Associate Publisher pdunn@weeklystandard.com; 202-496-3334*

Nicholas H.B. Swezey, *Advertising & Marketing Manager; nswezey@weeklystandard.com; 202-496-3355*
Robert Dodd, *Canada Advertising Manager bob@doddmedia.com; 905-885-0664*
Patrick F. Doyle, *West Coast Advertising Manager pdoyle@weeklystandard.com; 415-777-4383*
Don Eugenio, *Midwest Advertising Manager deugenio@weeklystandard.com; 312-953-7236*
Alexander Bruring, *Foreign Country Reports A.bruring@worldreportmedia.com; 011-31-20-470-9238*
Meghan Hawthorne, *Account Executive and online sales mhawthorne@weeklystandard.com; 202-496-3350*

*For more information, visit **weeklystandard.com**, click on the **About Us** button at the top, and select **Advertise**.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©2006 AstraZeneca Pharmaceuticals LP

It Stands For Commitment.

We're AstraZeneca and we discover and develop innovative medicines designed to improve patient health. We approach every challenge with the same question: How can we enhance your health, your family's health and the health of your community.

We may not have all the answers, but we do understand that our responsibility goes beyond just discovering medicines.

That's why AstraZeneca is the first pharmaceutical company to join the FDA Alliance — a coalition committed to a strong, effective and well-funded Food and Drug Administration. We believe it is in the best interest of patients and physicians who every day rely on the FDA's resources, expertise and leadership.

That's what AstraZeneca stands for. For more information, visit www.astrazeneca-us.com.

AstraZeneca

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELP WANTED

Seeking a political candidate who will do something about the 44,900 manufacturing jobs American workers are losing every month. A candidate who will get our government to start enforcing the trade laws it refuses to enforce now, so we can stop countries like China, India and Brazil from stealing American jobs.

Send resumé to: the voters.

American manufacturing workers are in trouble.

Let the candidates know if they don't have an answer, they don't have your vote.

For more information on these issues visit www.standupforsteel.org

Paid for by Stand Up For Steel, a coalition of the United Steelworkers (USW) and America's major steel companies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the weekly Standard

More Troops

You can hardly read a story about Iraq these days without seeing an Army or Marine officer say he doesn't have enough troops to accomplish his mission. Senior officers respond that this is what junior commanders always say. That's not quite true. Commanders in charge of secondary missions often ask for more resources than they need, not recognizing their missions are less vital. But the calls for more troops in Iraq come from soldiers training Iraqis, from soldiers trying to secure Baghdad, from soldiers in Anbar. If all of these are secondary missions, where's the main effort? The truth is there are not enough ground forces in Iraq, and military officers are finally saying so in public.

The administration could respond to this obvious fact by sending more troops. Rather than do that, some military and civilian leaders are spinning: There are no more troops to send, they say. In fact, some military leaders say we won't be able to sustain even the current levels—as CENTCOM commander General John Abizaid has said we must—without risking grave damage to the military.

To those who warn that Iraq is "breaking the Army," we would respond that losing in Iraq will increase the burden on the military over the coming decades rather than decreasing it. Nothing breaks a military like losing.

But there's an even more important point here. If it were, in fact, true that there is not a single additional soldier to send to Iraq, then the United States would be facing the gravest national security crisis since Pearl Harbor. For this would mean that there is not a single soldier available to be sent *anywhere*: Iran, North Korea, Somalia, Lebanon, or wherever the next crisis arises. It would mean that the president has *no strategic options at all* involving the use of ground forces. And this would be an open invitation to our enemies to take advantage of our weakness.

Now, the fact is that there are more troops available to be sent to Iraq. But we also *are* stretched too thin, and need a larger military. In a front-page article on September 22, the *New York Times*'s Thom Shanker and Michael Gordon reported that "strains on the Army from the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan have become so severe that Army officials say they may be forced to make greater use of the National Guard to provide enough troops for overseas deployments." This prospect "presents the Bush administration with a politically vexing problem: how, without expanding the Army, to balance the pressing need for troops in the field against promises to limit overseas deployments for the Guard." Actually, this "vexing problem" has a solution: expanding the Army.

Analysts outside the government are increasingly in agreement: Researchers at conservative think tanks like the American Enterprise Institute and the Heritage Foundation call for larger ground forces, as do thinkers at centrist and liberal organizations like Brookings, CSIS, and even the Center for American Progress. The more modest recommendations call for increasing the Army, over the next few years, by 50,000 to 100,000 new troops from its current 500,000. We would urge an immediate expansion toward a 750,000-person Army. In any case, the consensus for a larger Army is about as complete as it could be. Except within the administration.

What's preoccupying the Defense Department, even the top brass at the Army like Army Chief of Staff General Peter Schoomaker, is the Future Combat System—the Army's major "transformational" weapons system. Schoomaker has said that he would even *cut* the number of soldiers in uniform to pay for the system. The key premise of this argument is that Iraq is a blip, and the strain on our ground forces a temporary problem, while the FCS will ensure the Army's superiority for decades to come. But the armed forces have been strained for almost a decade now. And is Iraq really a "blip"? Most of the wars in the last 15 years have led to protracted deployments (the first Iraq war, Bosnia, Kosovo, and Afghanistan, for example). Only Haiti and Somalia—two signal failures—allowed a rapid exit.

The military should not be forced to choose between modernization and manpower. Army and Marine Corps vehicles are more than 20 years old and burned out by years of hard use. They need to be replaced. The president keeps saying that we are a nation at war, but the military keeps having to make budget decisions as though we were at peace. If this trend continues, we could lose in Iraq *and* break the ground forces as well.

The strain on the soldiers and Marines must be eased. Recruiting and training takes time, of course, and many will argue that it is too late: We'll be out of Iraq before they take the field. That same argument was made in 2003, 2001, 1999, and 1997. If we'd started at any of those times to increase the size of the ground forces, new soldiers would be on the ground today where they are badly needed. How many times are we going to repeat this mistake? How long will it take this administration, properly committed to a robust foreign policy, to provide the tools needed to do the job?

—Frederick W. Kagan and William Kristol

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pakistan Surrenders

The Taliban control the border with Afghanistan.

BY DAVEED GARTENSTEIN-ROSS & BILL ROGGIO

INTELLIGENCE ANALYSTS woke up on September 5 to unsettling news. The government of Pakistan, they learned, had entered into a peace agreement with the Taliban insurgency that essentially cedes authority in North Waziristan, the mountainous tribal region bordering Afghanistan, to the Taliban and al Qaeda. Just ten days later, the blow was compounded when the government of Pakistan released a large number of jihadists from prison. Together, these events may constitute the most significant development in the global war on terror in the past year—yet the media have taken little notice.

For four years, the Pakistani military engaged in a campaign to assert governmental control over Waziristan. The cost to Pakistan has been considerable; some intelligence sources believe this fighting has exacted a higher death toll on the Pakistani military than U.S. forces have sustained in Iraq. It is in this context that Pakistan gave up on South Waziristan last spring, abandoning its effort to control that area. Thereafter, *sharia* law was declared in South Waziristan, and the Taliban began to rule openly.

Yet even in the wake of Pakistan's earlier surrender of South Waziristan, this new agreement, known as the Waziristan Accord, is surprising. It entails a virtually unconditional surrender of Waziristan.

Daveed Gartenstein-Ross is a senior consultant for the Gerard Group International and author of the forthcoming book My Year Inside Radical Islam *(Tarcher/Penguin). Bill Roggio is an independent civilian military blogger who served in the Army from 1991 to 1995.*

The agreement is, to put it mildly, a boon to the terrorists and a humiliation for the Pakistani government. Even the circumstances under which it was signed point to Pakistan's impotence in the face of a determined adversary. Taliban fighters searched government negotiators and military officers for weapons before allowing them to enter the meeting, which took place in a soccer stadium in the North Waziristan capital of Miranshah. According to three separate intelligence sources, heavily armed Taliban were posted as guards around the ceremony, and al Qaeda's black flag hung over the scoreboard.

Immediately after the Pakistani delegation left, al Qaeda's flag was run up the flagpole of abandoned military checkpoints, and the Taliban began looting leftover small arms. The Taliban also held a "parade" in the streets of Miranshah. Clearly, they view their "truce" with Pakistan as a victory. It is trumpeted as such on jihadist websites.

And with good reason. The accord provides that the Pakistani army will abandon outposts and border crossings throughout Waziristan. Pakistan's military agreed that it will no longer operate in North Waziristan or monitor actions in the region. Pakistan will return weapons and other equipment seized during Pakistani army operations. And the Pakistani government essentially paid a tribute to end the fighting when it agreed to pay compensation for property destroyed during combat—an unusual move since most of the property that was destroyed belonged to factions that had consciously decided to harbor terrorists.

Of particular concern is the provision allowing non-Pakistani militants to continue to reside in Waziristan as long as they promise to "keep the peace." Keeping the peace will, in practice, be defined as refraining from attacks on the Pakistani military. Meanwhile, since the military won't be monitoring the militants' activities, they can plan and train for terrorist attacks or work to bolster the Taliban insurgency in Afghanistan without being seen to violate the treaty. Although the agreement does stipulate that there "shall be no cross-border movement for militant activity in neighboring Afghanistan," the provision amounts to mere wishful thinking since the Pakistani military has already agreed not to monitor the area.

The ramifications of the loss of Waziristan are tremendous. The region that Pakistan has ceded to the Taliban and al Qaeda is about the size of New Jersey, with a population of around 800,000.

Since the Waziristan Accord will facilitate rather than hinder the cross-border movement of Islamic fighters, security and reconstruction efforts in Afghanistan will be hampered. The Taliban and al Qaeda now have a new safe haven, and with it the freedom to train, arm, and infiltrate foot soldiers and suicide cells into Afghanistan with little fear of reprisal from the Pakistani government. Pakistani president Pervez Musharraf has admitted that the Taliban "are crossing from the Pakistan side and causing bomb blasts in Afghanistan," yet his solution is to cede government authority over the tribal areas.

Internationally, Waziristan will serve as a training base for al Qaeda operatives of all stripes, as well as jihadists who want to attack their home countries. The *9/11 Commission Report* notes that catastrophic terror attacks require sanctuaries that provide "time, space, and ability to perform competent planning and staff work." Al Qaeda has gained a new sanctuary in Waziristan.

The Taliban and al Qaeda will operate with impunity. They have already repeatedly broken their brand new agreement with Pakistan without fac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9 MILLION

ALTERNATIVE FUEL AUTOS

AND COUNTING

It's official. Nine million Americans drive Alternative Fuel Autos today and automakers are on track to sell a million alternative fuel autos this year. Hybrids, clean diesel and ethanol-capable autos are everywhere you go. Find out more at **DiscoverAlternatives.com.**

AUTO ALLIANCE

DRIVING INNOVATION℠

BMW GROUP DAIMLERCHRYSLER FORD MOTOR COMPANY GENERAL MOTORS
MAZDA MITSUBISHI MOTORS PORSCHE TOYOTA VOLKSWAGEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing consequences. Since September 5, a number of anti-Taliban clerics and tribal leaders have been shot and beheaded in Waziristan. A government official in Waziristan was kidnapped, and a reporter was murdered in the city of Dera Ismail Khan. Bombings and other attacks have taken place on military outposts in North and South Waziristan, and bombings have occurred in Peshawar and Bajaur.

Adding to the peril of this surrender, Musharraf has reiterated that the U.S.-led coalition forces in Afghanistan won't be allowed into the tribal areas covered by the peace deal. "On our side of the border there will be a total uprising if a foreigner enters that area," he said. "It's not possible at all, we will never allow any foreigners into that area. It's against the culture of the people there."

Waziristan probably does not mark the end of the Taliban's expansion. Instead, an American intelligence source told us—and United Press International has since confirmed—that further talks are underway that may lead to Pakistan's ceding parts of the North-West Frontier Province. Negotiations are reportedly being held in the jurisdictions of Khyber, Tank, Dera Ismail Khan, and Bajaur.

So Taliban and al Qaeda forces have consolidated great geographic gains over the past few weeks. On September 15, they also experienced a major gain in personnel when Pakistan released 2,500 foreign fighters linked to the Taliban and al Qaeda. These men, according to Britain's *Telegraph* newspaper, had been "detained by Pakistan after fleeing the battleground in Afghanistan."

Intelligence sources indicate that the released prisoners represent a broad cross-section of the jihadist movement, including computer experts, WMD experts, and low-level grunts. Some of the notables released include Ghulam Mustafa, a senior al Qaeda commander in Pakistan; Fazl-e-Raziq, a senior aide to Osama bin Laden; and several of the murderers of *Wall Street Journal* reporter Daniel Pearl. These individuals are said to be gathering in al Qaeda's new safe haven in Waziristan and reconstituting the terror group there.

It seems that at this point nobody in the U.S. government knows how to deal with the situation in Pakistan. Some routine suggestions have been peddled: covert operations, pressure on the Musharraf government, and the like. Some in the State Department have even publicly defended the Waziristan Accord, while at a Friday press conference with President Bush, Musharraf stated, "The deal is not at all with the Taliban. This deal is against the Taliban. The deal is with the tribal elders." To this, President Bush replied, "I believe him."

But neither President Bush nor the State Department officials are to be believed on this point. They aren't ignorant of the problems with the accord. Rather, it seems that their concern is Musharraf's retreat from Waziristan and release of prisoners suggest he may be losing his grip on power. And as bad as Musharraf has been of late, things would be far worse if, in a critical Muslim nation with nuclear weapons, a relatively pro-Western leader were replaced by al Qaeda-linked fundamentalists.

One intelligence source has opined that the gains of the past five years were reversed in mere weeks with the loss of Waziristan and the release of 2,500 fighters. We urgently need solid ideas about how to cope with this problem before it grows worse. Simply overlooking the dangers of the present situation does not a solution make. ♦

More Hot Air from the EPA

Yes, they do regulate lawn mowers.

BY MICHAEL FUMENTO

NINE YEARS AGO IN THESE pages, in an article on new EPA air pollution standards ("The EPA's Hot Air," July 7, 1997), I predicted that lawn mowers would one day fall victim to these onerous and unnecessary regulations. This was not really going out on a limb. In 1994, the Clinton EPA administrator Carol Browner had said that "small gasoline engines that Americans use in yard and garden work are a significant source of air pollution." But in sworn testimony to Congress in 1997, she told a different story. The standards are "not about outdoor barbecues and lawn mowers," she testified, smearing such assertions as "junk science" and "scare tactics." Said Browner: "They are fake. They are wrong. They are manipulative." Frank O'Donnell, then-executive director of the Clean Air Trust, called talk of regulating lawn mowers "crazed propaganda."

Today the EPA openly seeks implementation of pollution standards for lawn mowers that would apparently cut smog-causing emissions by 35 percent. As for O'Donnell, he's now president of Clean Air Watch where he's working hard to implement that "crazed propaganda."

So what's new? The EPA lies, and the green groups lie. That's because they're on a mission: Where you might see a freshly-mowed lawn, they see an opportunity to extend another regulatory tentacle. But if we accept that some environmental regulation is good, is this?

No. The EPA's clean air standards are based on false claims of reduced

Michael Fumento is a senior fellow at Hudson Institute and author of Polluted Science: The EPA's Campaign to Expand Clean Air Regulations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let's shed some light on life insurance.

For every "if" in life, there's a solution. Like protecting your family with life insurance. Choosing the right coverage doesn't have to be as costly, complicated or mysterious as you may think. MetLife is the largest provider of life insurance in the U.S. Our representatives help sort through your choices to build on what you already have and adjust for your growing needs. Starting with your existing coverage, we'll collaborate with you to fill in the gaps and help you create your personal safety net. Demystifying life insurance is as simple as calling on our expertise. Together we can make a plan for "if."

MetLife®

Call 1-888-MetLife or visit metlife.com.

Guarantees for the if in life.

have you met life today?®

Guarantees apply to certain insurance (not securities and investment and advisory) products and are subject to product terms, conditions, exclusions and limitations and the insurer's claims-paying ability and financial strength. Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, NY 10166. MetLife Investors USA Insurance Company, Irvine, CA 92614. MetLife and its affiliates are the largest life insurance organization in the U.S. based on the in-force life insurance. 2005 AM Best. © 2006 MetLife, Inc. PEANUTS © UFS, Inc. L0608AW5A(exp1208) ENT-LD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deaths and illness. Careful research, such as a 30-year study of elderly Californians published in the December 2005 issue of *Inhalation Toxicology*, has failed to show the predicted link between "fine particulate air pollution" and mortality rates.

In any event, lawn-mower emissions would comprise perhaps 3 percent of all EPA-monitored air pollutants, according to the agency's National Emissions Inventory. Meanwhile those overall emissions are less than half of what they were in 1970. Thirty-five percent of 3 percent of 50 percent of what we breathed a generation ago is essentially equivalent to the hair on a flea's leg. But the EPA and greens persist in making spectacular-sounding claims, such as that, according to the California Air Resources Board, lawn mowers produce 93 times more smog-forming emissions than automobiles.

They come up with this figure by means of an absurd per-hour comparison—without noting that the average car in this country is driven 11,000 miles a year while the average lawn mower is used perhaps an hour a week during the growing season. Further, the EPA can only make that claim because, according to the National Research Council, "per-mile-exhaust emissions of new, properly operating light-duty vehicles [decreased] by 95-99 percent in 2004 compared with emissions of 1967 model-year vehicles." (Lawn mowers, by the way, have also made progress, with industry leader Briggs & Stratton claiming to have cut emissions by 75 percent compared to 1990 models.)

There are also safety issues to be concerned with. The plan to cut lawn mower emissions by 35 percent would almost certainly require installation of golf-ball-sized catalytic converters. Yet the heat put off by catalytic converters is such that the EPA itself recommends against parking cars in tall grass because of the chance of fire. On the other hand, using such a device on a machine with the sole mission of making contact with grass is okay?

A March 2006 EPA study found that if systems are retooled so cool air can flow over the muffler and the muffler has a heat shield completely covering it, small catalytic converters can be installed in lawn mowers without increasing the risk of fire. But George Miller, chairman of the nonprofit International Consortium for Fire Safety, Health and the Environment, worries nonetheless.

"We're not convinced" by the EPA study, he says. "We thought of certain things that they didn't, such as what the individual does in terms of fueling . . . and having grass clippings get stuck close to heat sources." Laboratories are fine for making heat measurements, he says, "but we want to see testing that imitates the real world." He also wants to see an evaluation conducted by a party with a bit less interest in the outcome than the one promulgating the regulations. EPA studies have repeatedly flunked outside reviews by panels established by the agency itself, but no outside panel is set to evaluate this one.

Miller's group, however, using industry money, has commissioned a $650,000 safety review by a Swedish government institute. He expects results by the end of year, but the EPA won't wait and plans to have its rules already in force by then.

Finally, there's the matter of cost. The EPA habitually claims its new regulations are so cheap you could buy them at a five and dime store. It says catalytic converters would cost only about $8 per engine, which sounds ridiculously low. But in any case, the converters are just one of more than a dozen modifications it suggests. Briggs & Stratton estimates the California regulations upon which the EPA's are based would raise the retail cost of lawn mowers by 31 percent. Businesses tend to highball these figures, but certainly the modifications won't be cheap.

So as the air becomes continually cleaner and lawn mowers become continually cleaner, the EPA employs "junk science" to make lawn mowers potentially more hazardous and more expensive. It all makes sense only when you realize that sensible regulations don't demonstrate an agency's strength—only ridiculous ones do. To the EPA, the "power" in "power mowers" has more than one meaning. ♦

AND DID YOU KNOW?
THERE'S A WEEKLY STANDARD EMAIL NEWSLETTER, TOO!

The Weekly Standard Newsletter,
edited by online editor Jonathan Last,
can appear in YOUR inbox
every Friday afternoon.

And the best part? **It's *FREE*.**

Go to *weeklystandard.com*
and sign up today!

the weekly Standard.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[Investment + Technology = Discovery]

The recent discovery miles beneath the Gulf of Mexico of billions of barrels of new oil and natural gas resources is great news for America's energy future. Tapping such "ultra deep water" reservoirs was technically impossible just a few years ago. It's testament to the billions of dollars oil and natural gas companies invest each year, to the advanced technology and people that make such discoveries possible, and to the crucial role Congress played in opening this area to careful development.

Ongoing investments and advanced technologies enable us to help meet America's future energy needs by safely developing new domestic resources. We can increase available energy if Congress will act on pending legislation and allow increased access to offshore areas.

A Message From

America's Oil & Natural Gas Industry

To learn more, visit ***www.api.org***

© 2006 API

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Islamization of Morocco

Extremism is displacing moderation in the North African kingdom. BY OLIVIER GUITTA

A LITTLE MORE THAN three years ago, Morocco experienced Islamic terrorism firsthand. On May 16, 2003, Casablanca was hit with four simultaneous attacks that left 45 people dead and hundreds injured. The attacks were perpetrated by Moroccan citizens who were members of the al Qaeda-affiliated Moroccan Islamic Combatant Group (known by its French acronym, GICM).

Needless to say, the kingdom was stunned that its sons had turned violently against it. Now, the dismantling of another extensive Islamist cell in Morocco confirms that extremism is spreading inside what has long been viewed as one of the most moderate countries in the Arab world.

In a series of arrests over the past month, Moroccan authorities have seized 59 people and over 30 kilograms of TNT, more than was used in the 2003 attacks but of the same type. The alleged targets were political and military leaders, along with locations in Marrakesh, Morocco's premier tourist destination, the air force base of Salé, and the U.S. embassy in Rabat.

But the most troubling aspect of this cell by far is its membership. While the suicide bombers of 2003 came from the slums around Casablanca, the newly arrested suspects are from all walks of life. They include five members of the military, three policemen, a Domestic Security officer, two imams, and four society women. Two of these women, the wives of Royal Air Morocco pilots, had volunteered for suicide missions in Iraq and Israel.

The cell leader, Hassan Khattab, who had spent two years in prison for his support for the 2003 terror attacks, had persuaded the women to finance local jihadi attacks because Morocco is the "ally of the Americans and the Zionists." Coincidentally, these four women had befriended Fatiha Hassani, the widow of the top Moroccan al Qaeda operative who was killed by Saudi forces in April 2005. The indictment accuses the cell members of "planning terrorist acts to overthrow the regime and install an Islamic caliphate."

AFP / Getty Images / Karim Semaoui

The Moroccan army: no more conscripts

The potential infiltration of the army by jihadists has clearly alarmed the authorities. As of August 31, they have eliminated compulsory military service in order to avoid giving free military training to potential terrorists. In addition, military officers and troops alike have been forbidden to perform Friday prayers in uniform.

Beyond the army, there are other clear signs of the rapid Islamization of Moroccan society. Nowhere is this more apparent than in women's dress. In just a few years, Moroccan women have gone from the miniskirt to the hijab. Interviewed in the French daily *Le Monde* a few months ago, a Moroccan high school teacher named Soukaina (she said she was afraid to use her last name) said that she no longer recognizes her country. Twenty years ago her high school had only one veiled teacher. Today everyone is veiled, teachers and students alike. Soukaina resigned more than a year ago under subtle pressure from Islamists, who wanted her to wear the hijab. She concluded: "It is only a matter of time until Islamists are leading the country."

Both in Morocco's big cities and in its villages, street vendors sell Islamist propaganda calling for jihad and the subjugation of women, spewing anti-Semitism and hatred of the West, on audio and video tapes, CDs and DVDs. One of the bestselling CDs is a rant by a salafi preacher named Abdellah Nihari, who teaches that "women are creatures of Satan" even when they are veiled. For him, women's liberation is to blame for every evil in society. Islamists also have their own freelance "religious police" who operate illegally, mostly on beaches, targeting unmarried couples for harassment, assault, and even, in a few cases in recent years, murder.

Another sign of Islamization can be found in opinion surveys of Moroccan youths. According to a January 2006 study by *L'Economiste*, 44 percent of Moroccans aged 16 to 29 think al Qaeda is not a terrorist organization, 38 percent "don't know," and a mere 18 percent consider it a terrorist group. Furthermore, a July 2006 landmark report ordered by the Ministry of Planning and entitled "Morocco 2030" revealed that lots of high school graduates dream of a liberated Palestine, the destruction of Israel, and the fall of the United States.

In such an environment it's only natural that the leading Islamist party

Olivier Guitta is a foreign affairs and counterterrorism consultant in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—the PJD (Justice and Development party), closely linked to the Muslim Brotherhood—has been gaining traction. Already the third largest party in parliament, the PJD is projected to win 47 percent of the vote in the 2007 parliamentary elections, according to a recent poll by the International Republican Institute. This would make it the largest party, and the king would be obliged to ask it to form a government.

The PJD is your classic doublespeak party, carefully presenting itself as a Moroccan version of the German Christian Democrats, the soul of moderation, in order to achieve broad appeal. But its program, history, and membership leave no doubt about its real intentions. In its unofficial newspaper, *At-Tajdid* (Renewal), the PJD reveals its true nature. The party pretends it has nothing to do with *At-Tajdid*, but the paper's editors and publishers are PJD leaders, several of them even members of parliament.

At-Tajdid routinely expresses extremist views, especially on moral issues and foreign policy vis-à-vis Israel and the United States. For instance, *At-Tajdid* explained the December 2004 tsunami by pointing out that the affected Asian countries were corrupt and were being punished by God for not following the true Islam. The magazine implied that Morocco might be next, for the same reason.

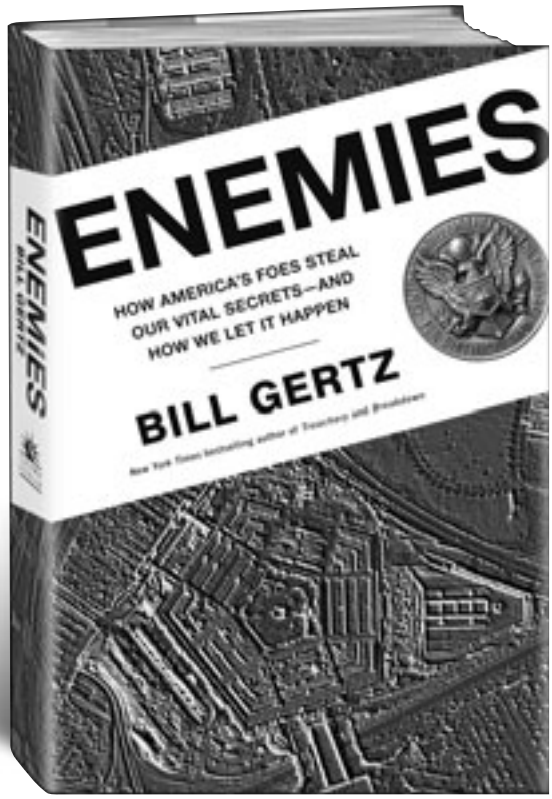
But most worrisome are the PJD/*At-Tajdid* links to terror. Right after the 2003 attacks, Moroccan police arrested the treasurer of the party in Kenitra for his alleged involvement in the plot. Indeed, at the time, most political parties and King Mohammed VI favored banning the PJD. It is widely asserted in the Moroccan press that the U.S. ambassador pressured the king to give up this idea.

Also, *At-Tajdid*'s website has a permanent link to the Union of Good, an umbrella organization of Hamas-funding charities, five of which are listed by the United States as Specially Designated Global Terrorist entities (SDGTs), and another two of which are accused of supporting al Qaeda.

Last, according to the Moroccan daily *Al Ahdath Almaghribia*, Hassan Khattab, the terror ringleader just arrested, was initiated into Islamism by PJD members including the director of *At-Tajdid*, Abdelilah Benkirane.

Considering all this, it is baffling that Mustafa Khalfi, editor in chief of *At-Tajdid*, was awarded a prestigious 2005/2006 Fulbright/American Political Science Association Congressional Fellowship. This honor has afforded him the opportunity to work for congressman Jim McDermott of Washington, to take a course at Johns Hopkins University, and to be a visiting scholar at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Similarly, the head of the PJD, Saad Eddine Othmani, recently visited Washington and met with members of Congress.

It's almost enough to make you think some in Washington are quietly positioning themselves for a PJD victory. ♦



The greatest threat you've

NEVER HEARD ABOUT.

With unparalleled access to the U.S. intelligence community, Bill Gertz reveals how America's most dangerous enemies are already infiltrating our government to steal secrets and use them against us. With insider scoops and classified documents, Gertz delivers a riveting, alarming report that will shock you with what we have already lost.

www.crownpublishing.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Allen Monkeys Around

Forget the presidential campaign. Can he still win his Senate race?

By Matthew Continetti

Not long ago, George Felix Allen was among the three or four Republicans most likely to win his party's 2008 presidential nomination. He was a known quantity: Virginia governor, then U.S. senator, a conservative with a pleasant demeanor, and a loyal supporter of President Bush. He had attracted top campaign talent. His campaign manager, Dick Wadhams, had guided John Thune to an upset victory over Senate minority leader Tom Daschle in 2004, and was widely expected to run Allen's presidential operation once his new boss glided through to reelection. Prominent Republican operatives, including Ed Gillespie and Mary Matalin, were backing Allen's reelection. And Allen was a talented fundraiser with dependable sources of cash.

It was easy to document Allen's political promise. Throughout 2005, a *National Journal* "insiders' poll" named him the frontrunner for the nomination. In August 2005, Chuck Todd, editor of the *Hotline*, wrote in the *Washingtonian* that "inside the GOP, there's a sense that if you put Ronald Reagan and George W. Bush in a blender, the resulting concoction would be George Allen." That November, *National Review* editor Richard Lowry opined that Allen "perhaps has a better chance of winning the nomination than any other Republican." This sentiment carried over into the summer of 2006, when the *American Spectator*'s David Holman wrote that "a familiarity with George Allen explains his presidential contender status: notable biography, solid political record, and affable demeanor." Kathleen Antrim, a conservative columnist who is working on a biography of Allen, told me she came up with the idea for the book shortly after the 2004 election, when she looked at the possible 2008 Republican presidential field and said, "Who else could it be?"

Matthew Continetti is associate editor of The Weekly Standard.

As it turns out, a bunch of folks. In recent weeks, Allen has gone from presidential contender to embattled senator. His mishandling of a name-calling incident, and his ham-handed denial and subsequent revelation that his mother was raised Jewish, have almost eliminated him from the field of serious presidential candidates and even jeopardized his Senate seat. While still trailing in the polls, Allen's Democratic opponent, the author and former secretary of the Navy James Webb, has pulled within striking distance. This reflects a substantial swing in public opinion; until recently Allen's lead over Webb was in double digits. Also until recently, a group of senior Republican consultants met regularly to discuss Allen's strategy for the upcoming presidential campaign. Today, those meetings are devoted exclusively to helping the senator win reelection. Having just stepped out upon the national stage, George Allen now finds himself in danger of being shuffled off of it.

Allen was born in March 1952, in Whittier, California. His father, George Herbert Allen, was the football coach at the local college. (Richard Nixon is the school's most prominent alum.) Allen's mother Etty was a French immigrant from Tunisia who had met George H. Allen in 1950, during a trip to Sioux City, Iowa, where she was visiting friends. When they met, George H. was head coach at Morningside College. "She was introduced to me by the head of the speech department," he told *Washington Post* reporters William Gildea and Kenneth Turan for their 1972 book *The Future is Now*, "at a, what the heck kind of thing was it, it was a play, a play at the community theater." Soon after, George H. flew to Tunis to propose. They married in 1951.

"I grew up in a football family," Sen. Allen likes to say. It was an itinerant upbringing. From Whittier, the Allens moved to Los Angeles, where George H. worked for one year as an offensive coach for the Rams. From L.A., the family moved to the Chicago suburbs, where George H.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apprenticed under the legendary George Halas, the founder, owner, coach, and onetime player for the Bears. From Chicago, it was back to Los Angeles, where George H. became head coach for the Rams. Eventually, the Allens would leave Los Angeles for Washington, where George H. coached the Redskins.

Through all these family moves, football was the constant. It was the family religion. At age four, George F. got his first football, the modified kind typically used to train future quarterbacks. "It was at least twice as heavy as normal," he told the *Washington Post* in 1981. George F. was a natural quarterback. His senior year in high school, he led the Palos Verdes team to a 7-2 season. He earned athletic scholarships to UCLA and Princeton, opting for UCLA but only staying there a year. When his family moved to Washington, Allen followed, matriculating at the University of Virginia. He quarterbacked at UVA, too, but he wasn't quite up to the college game.

The main source of information about Allen's youth is his sister Jennifer, the youngest member of the family and the only daughter. Jennifer Allen became a writer for the *Washington Post* and in 2000 published a memoir, *Fifth Quarter*, about her upbringing. "The best book about football I've ever read," the novelist Pat Conroy blurbs in the paperback edition. If that's true, then Conroy hasn't read many football books. *Fifth Quarter* is mainly a catalogue of Jennifer Allen's boyfriends, and an in-depth account of the author's complicated feelings toward her father and her ambivalence about her mother. There is nothing ambivalent about her feelings toward her oldest brother: "I was so happy during the summer of 1969," she writes. "My brother George was leaving home."

Fifth Quarter's early chapters focus on Jennifer's life as an 8-year-old in a testosterone-heavy household—featuring George as well as brothers Greg and Bruce. Jennifer spent most of her time alone in her walk-in closet, "my only quiet and private place in the house." It is clear she lived in fear of her oldest brother George and his friends, who "had the same pork-chop sideburns, greasy-haired scalps, and almost the same broken-toothed look as the inmates on George's favorite album, *Johnny Cash, Live from Folsom Prison*." In one oft-quoted passage, Jennifer Allen writes:

> We all obeyed George. If we didn't, we knew he would kill us. Once, when Bruce refused to go to bed, George hurled him through a sliding glass door. Another time, when Gregory refused to go to bed, George tackled him and broke his collarbone. Another time, when I refused to go to bed, George dragged me up the stairs by my hair. George hoped someday to become a dentist. George said he saw dentistry as a perfect profession—getting paid to make people suffer.

While no one disputes the facts contained in *Fifth Quarter* (George F. vetted the manuscript before publication), such passages seem designed to present an unflattering picture of the future senator. For one thing, time is condensed; years might have passed between the episodes described. For another, most people know that young siblings get into fights. They say dumb things. And sometimes they accidentally hurt each other badly. It is plain that George was a little wild growing up. "Sen. Allen was a rambunctious kid," David Snepp, Allen's press secretary, told me. "He probably gave heartburn to his mother."

In the early 1970s, while he was at UVA, Allen had little idea what career path to follow. An undergraduate history major, he had no plans to enter politics. "At the time I wanted to be an architect or a lawyer," Allen told THE WEEKLY STANDARD's Fred Barnes earlier this year. "All my ideas of what I wanted to do: lawyer, architect, also possibly getting into ranching or farming. And the architecture, which I still do like, just had too much mountain to it. And so I went to law school."

During the summers, Allen worked on a ranch out West, where he developed his affection for cowboy boots. Another habit, dipping snuff, he acquired from hanging out at Chicago Bears training camps. Allen says he had a youthful interest in politics. He supported Goldwater in 1964, a position that puzzled his parents. Richard Nixon was a friend of his father's from Whittier. And Ronald Reagan, as governor of California, attended L.A. Rams practices, where he was introduced to George F., then in high school.

In 1976, while studying law, Allen received an invitation from conservative activist David Keene to become chair of Young Virginians for Reagan. "They all knew I liked Reagan," Allen told Barnes. "They said, 'You'll do fine, just tell people why you like Ronald Reagan.'" Reagan won the Virginia primary that year, but went on to lose the nomination to incumbent Gerald Ford. But the lessons and thrills of Reagan's insurgent campaign stuck with the young volunteer. Allen was slowly entering the world of electoral politics.

A year later, Allen graduated from the University of Virginia law school. By this time, his family had made the decision to return to California. Allen chose to stay in the Old Dominion. He had come to love the commonwealth's history, its landscape, its people. "I was going to go into a partnership with someone in Charlottesville in an old building built in 1814," he told Barnes. "Mr. Jefferson played the fiddle there, allegedly. I bought this old building." Soon after, his prospective partner opted out of the arrangement. Allen was alone. He renovated his new property himself. "I lived in it while renovating," he said. There was no shower. "I started my law practice and then bought a log house out in the country, in the woods. Charlottesville is where I wanted to take my stand."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His first stab at elected office—a campaign for a seat in the Virginia House of Delegates—came in 1979. He lost. "In the midst of it I played an alumni football game," Allen said in the interview. "I was fine doing quarterback." The play called for an on-side kick. "I did a running start." They were playing on astroturf. "One of these mammoth varsity players cross-body-blocks," Allen continued. "My knee gets swept around. I end up with an operation, a blood clot in my calf, and I'm running for the House of Delegates. That's not why I lost, but it was generally an all-around miserable year. I learned a lot." Allen was also perturbed that his advisers "made me buy wingtips and shiny belt buckles."

In 1982, in a special election, Allen made another attempt at the House of Delegates. "I won by a whopping 25 votes," Allen said. He had won Jefferson's seat. George H. was with him on Election Night. When they learned he had won, the family cheered. "My father said, 'Gosh, this is as good as beating Dallas!'" Allen has won every election since.

In early July 1991, Rep. French Slaughter announced his retirement from Congress after three terms representing the Seventh District of Virginia. Allen was the first person to announce his candidacy for the seat. Slaughter's son also made a play, but withdrew after it became clear he couldn't overtake the frontrunner. Allen won the Republican nomination. The themes he articulated then would dominate his career for a decade: "The issues in this race," he said, "are promoting the work ethic through workfare instead of welfare, protecting law-abiding citizens and victims instead of coddling criminals, fighting against higher taxes and wasteful government spending, and looking out for Americans first."

The Democrats nominated Kay Slaughter, a cousin of the retiring congressman. The most contentious issue in the special election was the Persian Gulf war, which Allen supported and Slaughter opposed. Allen ran an ad that featured a photograph of Slaughter next to a photograph from a Washington, D.C., antiwar protest in which activists had held up a banner declaring "Victory to Iraq." Slaughter said the ad was sleazy. She lost, 62 percent to 34 percent.

Allen was sworn in the next week. After the ceremony, he said, "I have not come to be a member of a club, but rather to fight for the taxpayers of Virginia. We need to cease class warfare and petty partisan bickering to get this economy moving forward." About a week later, however, state Democrats announced a gerrymander plan that would erase Allen's district and force him into a primary against Thomas Bliley, a Richmond Republican. Allen's career had reached an impasse. One option was district-shopping, but he knew he was unlikely to defeat Bliley or Frank Wolf, another popular Republican congressman, in a primary election. At the end of his term, he returned to private practice and prepared to run for governor.

Democrats had held the governor's office in Richmond throughout the 1980s. In 1993, in the contest to replace the popular L. Douglas Wilder, the first African-American elected governor in the United States, Allen faced Democratic attorney general Mary Sue Terry. He started the race behind. It was a hard-fought, tough, and sometimes abrasive campaign. Terry attacked Allen's position on abortion. He was never the sort of conservative who placed values issues front and center, and his stance on abortion was muddled. In a general election debate, Terry said, "I'm pro-choice, and my opponent is multiple-choice." In the same debate, Allen said that in the early stages of a pregnancy, it is "a woman's election" to decide whether or not to abort her child. Later, to the *Washington Post*, Allen described his position as one of "reasonable moderation." That, along with Allen's positions on crime, welfare, and education, appealed to voters. He won, 58 percent to 41 percent.

There ought to be little argument that Allen was one of the most successful governors of the 1990s. He abolished the parole system as promised, signed into law a parental notification abortion statute, and shepherded to passage a welfare reform plan that eliminated benefits after two years on the dole. He signed into law the Standards of Learning (SOL) education reforms, the model for President Bush's No Child Left Behind act. Allen, who criticizes No Child Left Behind on federalism grounds, likes to point out that the standards he championed are far tougher than Bush's. The best evidence of Allen's success as governor came in 1997, when Virginians elected his handpicked successor, Attorney General James Gilmore, governor on a tax-cut platform.

Allen and his advisers considered a presidential run in 2000, but decided against it, as George W. Bush appeared unstoppable. Instead Allen ran for Senate, challenging the incumbent Democrat, former governor Charles Robb. In this race, too, Allen started behind. And in this race, too, he overtook the frontrunner and won. It is worth noting, however, that Allen's margin of victory, for a man who had spent two decades in Virginia politics, was not wildly impressive. He ran even with Bush in 2000, beating Robb 52 percent to 48 percent.

Throughout his career, Allen has sought to govern by the principles of what he calls "common-sense Jeffersonian conservatism." In March, when I asked Allen what this meant, he said, "It means I trust free people." As a symbol of Virginia's heritage, and as a model for self-government, Jefferson has served as the touchstone for Allen's politics. "I look at Reagan as a modern-day Thomas Jefferson," he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

told me. Then, unprompted, he quoted from Jefferson's 1801 Inaugural Address: "The sum of good government is a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another but otherwise leave them free to regulate their own pursuits of industry. And the government shall not take from the mouths of laborers the bread they've earned."

The Senate has frustrated Allen. He said it surprised him "how long it takes for them"—his fellow senators—"to get things done." He went on, "They're the most collegial bunch of folks you'd ever want to meet. I'd never seen more people take so much time to make a decision. They need action."

Allen is less a skilled legislator than a talented executive. One day, I asked his press secretary to name the senator's top three accomplishments. The items he named seem thin branches from which to hang a presidential bid. "First of all, he's kept the Internet free from taxation," Snepp said. "Second, he was able to pass the nanotechnology research and development act. And third, he's also very proud of other technology initiatives," including legislation to provide federal technology grants to historically black colleges and universities. "And," Snepp added, "he's also been very proud in supporting U.S. troops fighting the war on terrorism."

On the campaign trail, Allen's efforts to provide grants to historically black institutions are mentioned whenever he is accused of racial or ethnic insensitivity, which has happened twice so far in 2006. In its May 8 issue, the *New Republic* published a cover story, entitled "Pin Prick," which argued that "before he runs for president, George Allen has to run against himself." The article's author, Ryan Lizza, reported extensively on Allen's apparent youthful interest in, and seeming enthusiasm for, the Confederacy, which included hanging a battle flag in his living room during his successful 1993 Virginia gubernatorial bid (part of a collection, Allen says) and hanging what appears to have been a noose in his law office (part of another collection, Allen says).

Lizza also brought up Allen's past support for Confederacy history month in Virginia; his 1984 vote against a state holiday for Martin Luther King Jr.; the pick-up truck he drove in law school, which featured a battle flag bumper sticker; and a Confederate-flag lapel pin Allen appears to be wearing in a high-school yearbook photo. All that, and Allen was a big fan of the country variety television show *Hee Haw*, which ran on Saturday mornings when he was a teenager.

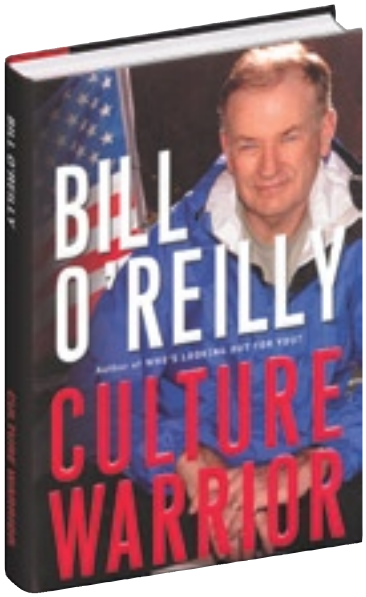
Among the chattering class, the article caused much discussion, and from the senator's aides it sparked a vigorous counterattack. "I think this is an example of a very liberal magazine searching desperately to find something they can hang on Senator Allen," Snepp told me shortly after the *New Republic* story appeared. One outside adviser called Lizza's piece a "so-called" profile. Though no one seemed to dispute the article's facts, the implication remained that "Pin Prick" was nothing more than a recycled, partisan hatchet-job. And in this case, the Allen campaign's response appears to have been effective. It marshaled the evidence to show Allen was in no way a racist. In a September 12 speech to the "Historically Black Colleges and Universities Week Conference Luncheon," Allen elaborated on his "own journey" to racial understanding.

"I grew up in a very different universe from most folks," Allen said in the speech. "I grew up in a football family (with an immigrant mother), and in football, your race, ethnicity, and religion do not matter. What matters is how well you can punt, pass, kick, block, run, or tackle. What matters is whether you can produce on a level playing field, and help the team win! It is a true meritocracy, and that level playing field is what America should aspire to be." Allen went on to discuss his relationship with David "Deacon" Jones, the Hall of Fame defensive end who played on his father's Rams and Redskins teams in the 1960s and 70s. "What football, and my father, and Deacon Jones, among others, taught me," Allen said, "is to treat people as individuals and look at what is inside, not outside."

Every "personal journey" has a starting point. In the speech, Allen never mentioned his, although one assumes it was his past ownership and display of Confederate symbols. Those days, however, are long behind him. Last week, one outside adviser sent me a seven-page white paper of Allen's "African-American Accomplishments." These included, as governor, "safer communities," "enterprise zones," an "urban revitalization initiative," support for the Martin Luther King Jr. holiday, support for Black History Month, appointing a "significant number" of African Americans to state government posts, criticizing discrimination against black farmers, funding the Virginia Slavery Museum in Jamestown, "authoring a resolution" at the 1997 National Governors' Association meeting condemning church burnings, welfare reform, education reform, and support for hate crimes legislation. As senator, Allen has, among other things, cosponsored a resolution condemning the Senate for failing to pass anti-lynching legislation, and hosted, along with Georgia Democratic congressman John Lewis, two civil rights pilgrimages—one to Alabama, the other to Virginia.

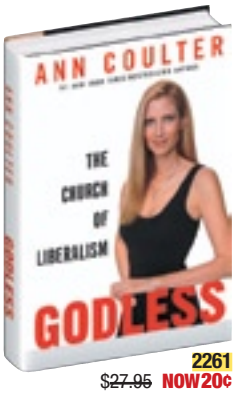
All this may strike some as overcompensation, an overwhelming response to a perceived political weakness. In any case, the response seems to have worked. Most of the accusations leveled in the *New Republic* article were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

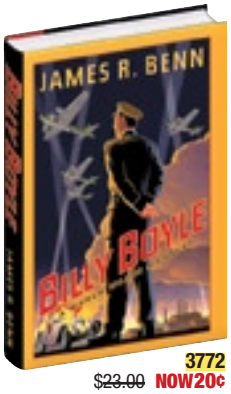


We are in war for America's future, and *Culture Warrior* is Bill O'Reilly's account of the tactics the enemy uses. Who is the enemy? The ACLU, George Soros, the Hollywood Left, liberal media and all those reckless judges whose glory is setting child molesters free.
3566 ~~$26.00~~ **NOW20¢**

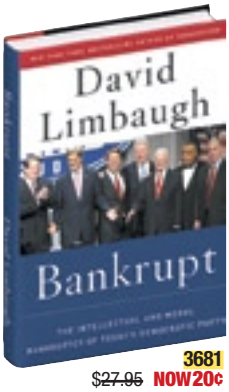
AMERICAN COMPASS™
The Conservative Alternative



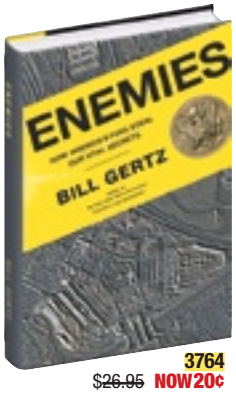
2261
~~$27.95~~ **NOW20¢**



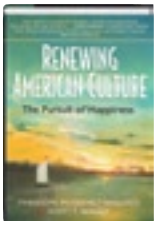
3772
~~$23.00~~ **NOW20¢**



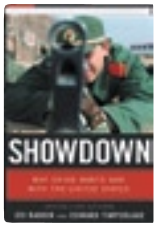
3681
~~$27.95~~ **NOW20¢**



3764
~~$26.95~~ **NOW20¢**

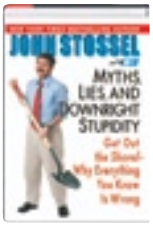


†2691-9999
~~$28.00~~ **NOW40¢**



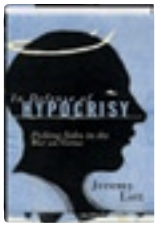
3434
~~$27.95~~ **NOW20¢**

0877
~~$25.95~~ **NOW20¢**

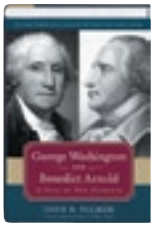


2345
~~$24.95~~ **NOW20¢**

2253
~~$29.99~~ **NOW20¢**



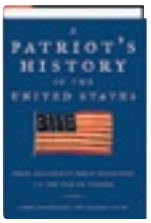
3335
~~$22.99~~ **NOW20¢**


4002
~~$29.95~~ **NOW20¢**

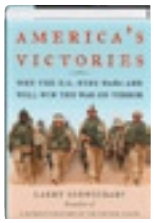
†3301-9999
~~$24.95~~ **NOW40¢**

3368
~~$25.99~~ **NOW20¢**

0273
~~$25.99~~ **NOW20¢**

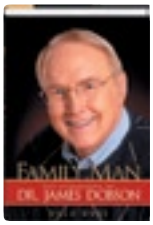


1263
~~$29.95~~ **NOW20¢**

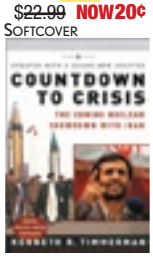


2436
~~$24.95~~ **NOW20¢**

0307
~~$28.99~~ **NOW20¢**



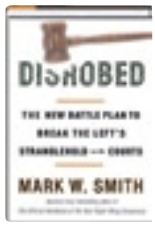
1040
~~$24.99~~ **NOW20¢**



Softcover
3186
~~$14.95~~ **NOW20¢**

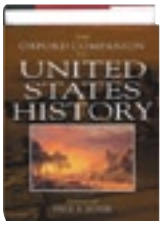
0869
~~$27.95~~ **NOW20¢**

†0653-9999
~~$21.95~~ **NOW40¢**

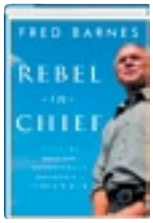


3210
~~$25.95~~ **NOW20¢**

3327
~~$24.00~~ **NOW20¢**

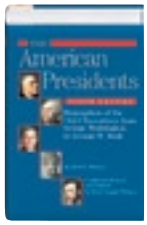


†1206-9999
~~$60.00~~ **NOW40¢**

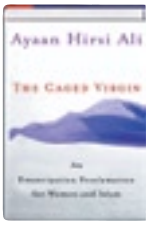


1651
~~$23.95~~ **NOW20¢**

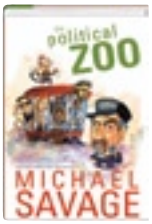
1735
~~$24.99~~ **NOW20¢**



1396
Spec. Ed. **NOW20¢**



2394
~~$19.95~~ **NOW20¢**



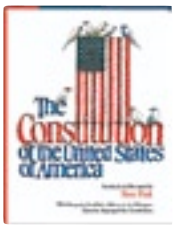
2147
~~$25.99~~ **NOW20¢**

1883
~~$27.95~~ **NOW20¢**

2485
~~$27.95~~ **NOW20¢**

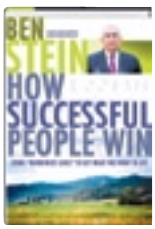
0851
~~$22.95~~ **NOW20¢**

3376
~~$27.95~~ **NOW20¢**



†3319-9999
~~$29.95~~ **NOW40¢**

3723
~~$25.95~~ **NOW20¢**



2386
~~$17.95~~ **NOW20¢**

Softcover
1602
~~$19.95~~ **NOW20¢**

Softcover
3343
~~$19.95~~ **NOW20¢**

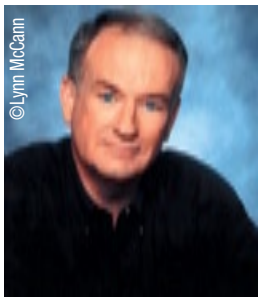
Softcover
2279
~~$19.95~~ **NOW20¢**

3491
~~$34.95~~ **NOW20¢**

Join us today and save up to $161 off publishers' edition prices

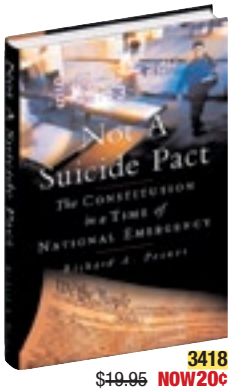
For faster ordering, join online at **www.JoinAmericanCompass.com**
Go Online and enter **4E724U**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

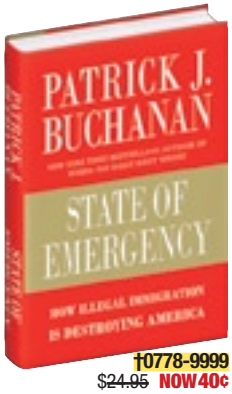


"I believe we must strive to improve America, but we must also keep faith with the basic tenets of Judeo-Christian philosophy and competitive capitalism that the country was founded on..."

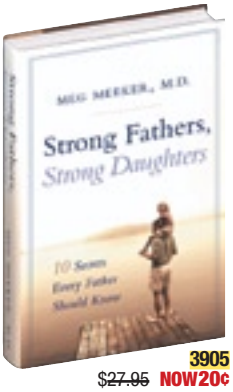
—from *Culture Warrior* by BILL O'REILLY



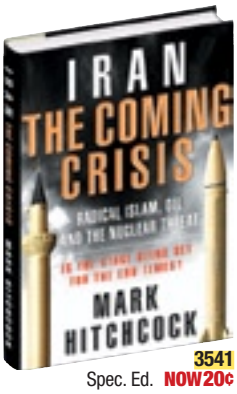
3418
~~$19.95~~ NOW 20¢



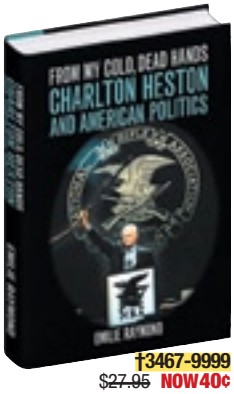
†0778-9999
~~$24.95~~ NOW 40¢



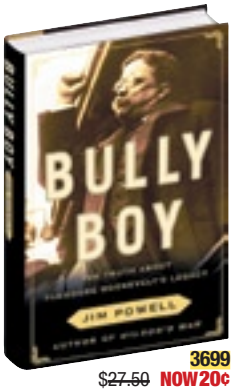
3905
~~$27.95~~ NOW 20¢



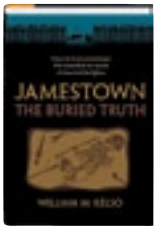
3541
Spec. Ed. NOW 20¢



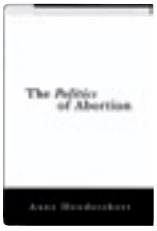
†3467-9999
~~$27.95~~ NOW 40¢



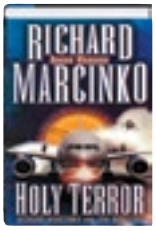
3699
~~$27.50~~ NOW 20¢



†3707-9999
~~$29.95~~ NOW 40¢

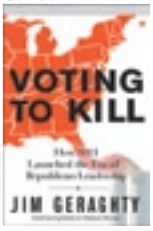


†3715-9999
~~$25.95~~ NOW 40¢



3228
~~$25.00~~ NOW 20¢

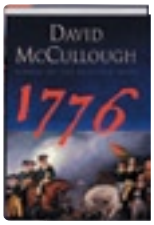
SOFTCOVER



3673
~~$15.00~~ NOW 20¢

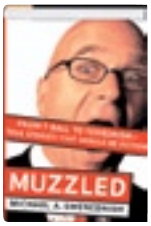
Choose 5 books for $1

Get a FREE Fleece Blanket with membership



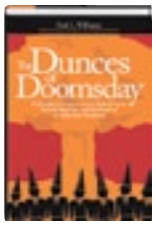
0133
~~$32.00~~ NOW 20¢

0026
~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢



2303
~~$25.99~~ NOW 20¢

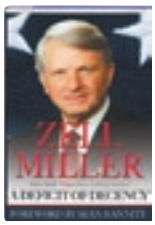
2451
~~$26.95~~ NOW 20¢



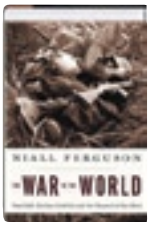
†3350-9999
~~$24.95~~ NOW 40¢

1834
~~$24.95~~ NOW 20¢

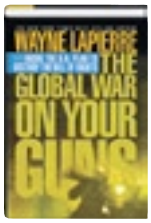
2857
~~$30.00~~ NOW 20¢



0299
~~$27.95~~ NOW 20¢



3889
~~$35.95~~ NOW 20¢



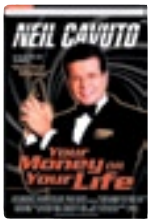
2378
~~$25.99~~ NOW 20¢

2402
~~$25.00~~ NOW 20¢

1628
~~$24.95~~ NOW 20¢

†2626-9999
~~$25.95~~ NOW 40¢

0828
~~$24.95~~ NOW 20¢



1636
~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢

0885
~~$27.95~~ NOW 20¢

0331
~~$27.95~~ NOW 20¢

1891
~~$24.00~~ NOW 20¢

CURRENT AFFAIRS ★ FAMILY MATTERS ★ FAITH ★ BESTSELLERS ★ HISTORY ★ REFERENCE

Here's How Membership Works • **Choose 5 Books for $1 and receive a FREE GIFT** with membership. Buy 2 books within the next year, after which you may cancel at any time. You can make your first club purchase now for $5.99, plus shipping and handling and reduce your commitment to just one book over the next year. • **Send No Money Now.** Once membership is confirmed, qualifying members will be billed $1 (plus shipping & handling, and sales tax where applicable), unless notified otherwise. Certain members may be asked to pre-pay for this and future orders until payment history is established. • **Satisfaction Guaranteed.** If you're not satisfied with your Introductory Package, return it within 20 days of receipt *at our expense.* Your membership will be canceled and you'll owe nothing – and if you've already paid, it will be credited/refunded. The FREE GIFT is yours to keep. • **Save Up to 50% off** publishers' edition prices every day with our club editions. And with special promotions and clearance sales, you'll enjoy additonal savings. Club editions are full-length books, sometimes changed in size to save you more. • **FREE Club Catalogs** are sent to you up to 19 times a year (about every 3 weeks). The catalog reviews the Editor's Main Selections (their top picks) plus a variety of alternate titles. To get the Main Selection, do nothing; it will come to you automatically. To order another book, or no book at all, you may call us, reply on our member Web site, or return your Reply Card by the deadline date indicated. A shipping & handling charge (and sales tax, where applicable) is added to each order. If the catalog is delayed and you had less than 10 days to notify us, you may return any unwanted Main Selection you received *at our expense.* and we'll credit your account.

3269
~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢

3731
~~$22.99~~ NOW 20¢

0281
~~$26.95~~ NOW 20¢

CON0609PT-05

Share your views at www.compasspointsblog.com

† Counts as 2 choices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ignored or dismissed. Allen's reputation—such as it was—remained intact, and by summer his reelection to the Senate seemed assured.

Then he visited Breaks.

Breaks, Virginia, is in Dickinson County, in the southwestern part of the commonwealth, near the Kentucky border. It is a small community, and relatively poor. In 2000, according to the census, the county's population was slightly more than 16,000 people, including 70 "hispanics" and 58 "blacks." The census calculated median household income at $23,431 in 1999 dollars. Breaks is a beautiful, historic, and conservative part of rural Virginia—the sort of place that led George Allen to fall in love with the state three decades ago.

On August 11, as part of his annual "listening tour," Allen visited Breaks and spoke to supporters at a local park. Among those observing Allen deliver his stump speech was a "tracker" for the Webb campaign. On the campaign trail, tracking is a common phenomenon. A low-level staff member for the opposing candidate follows a politician around, recording everything he or she says and does. For a long time, trackers used pad and pen. Today, it is typical for them to film a candidate with a video camera. That day, Allen decided to incorporate Webb's tracker into his speech.

"My friends, we're going to run this campaign on positive, instructive ideas," Allen said, as the videotape shows. "And it's important that we motivate and inspire people for something."

He turned and pointed at the video camera.

"This fella here, over here with the yellow shirt, macaca or whatever his name is, he's with my opponent, he's following us around everywhere."

Someone in the crowd laughed, and Allen paused and smiled.

"And it's just great. We're going to places all over Virginia"—Allen turned once more to the camera and pointed—"and he's having it on film and it's great to have you here, and you show it to your opponent." Presumably Allen meant "my" opponent. But the crowd got the point. Someone clapped, and Allen continued: "Because he's never been there and probably will never come." People cheered. "So it's good to have you here," Allen went on—and here the tape is garbled because of the cheers and applause—"rather than living inside the Beltway or—his opponent actually right now is with a bunch of Hollywood movie moguls." Laughter. "We care about fact, not fiction."

Allen turned back to the camera.

"So welcome. Let's give a welcome to macaca here. Welcome to America, and the real world of Virginia." A pause. "Now my friends, we're in the midst of a war on terror . . . "

"Macaca" was Shekar Ramanuja Sidarth, known by his surname, or "Sid" for short, a 6-foot-4-inch tall 20-year-old student at the University of Virginia who grew up in the northern Virginia suburb of Fairfax County. Sidarth's father, a wealthy mortgage banker, immigrated to the United States from India a quarter of a century ago. His mother came shortly afterward. Growing up, Sidarth attended the Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology, a prestigious Fairfax County magnet school, where he earned a 4.1 grade point average, a 1550 SAT score, and participated in chess club and the Spanish Honor Society. Sidarth, like Allen, played high-school football. He is a Democrat, but his politics seem centrist. In addition to supporting Webb, he contributed $2,000 to Joseph Lieberman's 2004 presidential campaign.

He is also curious. As Sidarth tells it, after the Breaks event he sought out a dictionary and looked up "macaca," which he found refers to a genus of monkey, and in certain cultures is used as an ethnic slur. Offended, he circulated his video among some liberal bloggers. In a few days the *Washington Post* got interested in the story. And before he knew it, Allen had a scandal on his hands.

There are a variety of reasons Allen's encounter with Sidarth has become the defining moment in his campaign. One is the increasingly important role technology plays in fashioning our politics. Sidarth's video gained an audience when he posted the "macaca" clip on YouTube, an Internet video clearinghouse. It was a group of loosely affiliated liberal bloggers who brought the video to the attention of traditional reporters. And the video lends itself to television, where a viewer can't help finding it strangely compelling: the absurdity of a professional politician mocking a twenty-year-old campaign volunteer; the goofy, triumphant grin on Allen's face as he welcomes "macaca" to America; the casual, unknowing ease with which Allen moves from committing a potentially career-ending gaffe to a canned discourse on fighting terrorists.

A second reason is the incredible amount of coverage the *Washington Post* devoted to the controversy. According to the Lexis-Nexis research database, prior to August 15, 2006, the only mention of "macaca" in the *Post* occurred in a June 2003 "Travel" piece that mentioned the famous monkeys of Gibraltar. Between August 15 and September 18, however, the *Post* mentioned the "macaca" incident some 44 times. During that time, "macaca" appeared in seven front-page (A1) news articles. It appeared in six front-page "Metro" (B1) articles. It appeared in no less than three editorials and one op-ed column. This sort of coverage is what reporters mean when they say "flood the zone."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But a significant reason "macaca" took on a life of its own was the Allen campaign's clumsy damage control. At first, the campaign ignored the story, then it said the publicity devoted to it was evidence of liberal media bias. The campaign said Allen might have been referring to Sidarth's silly haircut, then said the senator had never heard the word before. When asked in a recent televised debate whether, growing up, he might have heard his mother say "macaca"—everyone seems to think that in North Africa "macaca" is an everyday word—Allen said, "I hope you're not trying to bring my mother into this matter," and ignored the question.

What's more, Allen waited almost two weeks to apologize to Sidarth. And every day an apology was left unsaid was a day the *Post* could run an article with a headline akin to *Allen Still Hasn't Apologized to Victimized Young Adult*. Now Allen finds himself doing little besides apologizing. Indeed, in September, he apologized for macaca, the Confederate flag, and everything else he's ever done that might be construed as "insensitive." "The point is, symbols matter, they should matter, and this is something that I wish I learned a lot earlier," he said. "Even if your heart is pure, the things you say and do and the symbols you use do matter because of the way others may take them."

And yet, whether on the part of Allen or his opponents, the rhetorical linkage of the senator's past fascination with the Confederacy and his singling out of Sidarth is misplaced. If Allen was guilty of anything in the Breaks speech, it was being an oaf, not a racist. And even what the incident showed about Allen's personality is not the most important reason for the "macaca" scandal's long life. That reason is, while Breaks might be the "real world," more and more of Virginia is taking on the cultural, social, demographic, and economic conditions of the parts of the state where S.R. Sidarth was born and raised. Allen got into trouble not because of his appreciation for Virginia's past. He got into trouble because he found himself at odds with Virginia's future.

For much of its history, Virginia's politics have been turbulent and unpredictable. But since 1968 a few trends have been clear. Conservative Democrats dominated the commonwealth's politics for much of the 20th century. The archetypal Virginia politician before '68 was the governor and senator Harry F. Byrd, whose family ruled the state's Democratic machine with a mixture of economic populism and racial segregation. But in the 1968 presidential election, Virginia threw its vote to Richard Nixon, and no Democrat has received its electoral votes since. The next year, in 1969, A. Linwood Holton Jr. was elected Virginia's first Republican governor since Reconstruction. A series of Republicans followed in the 1970s, but in the 1980s, while Virginians were voting for Ronald Reagan by substantial margins, they also elected a series of conservative Democratic governors. And the statehouse remained solidly Democratic.

In the 1990s, that partisan split broke down. Allen's election as governor ushered in a new era of Republican dominance. In 1997, Republicans won contests for governor, lieutenant governor, and attorney general. In 1999, Republicans captured the House of Delegates and the state senate. In 2000, with Allen's election to the Senate, both of Virginia's U.S. senators became Republicans. By the turn of the century, there was little doubt that Virginia was a Republican state. Realignment had occurred.

Or had it? In 2001, cell phone magnate Mark Warner, a Democrat who had lost narrowly to Sen. John Warner in 1996, won the governor's race. Last year, he was followed by another Democrat, former lieutenant governor Tim Kaine. In presidential and gubernatorial contests since 2000, the strongest GOP showing has been George W. Bush's 54 percent of the vote in 2004. Virginia has reverted to its voting patterns of the 1980s, electing Republican presidents and Democratic governors.

With one notable difference. Virginia is growing, and it is growing into the sort of state—with high numbers of professionals, immigrants, and singles—that tends to vote Democratic. If you look closely at northern Virginia—the richest and most populous region of the commonwealth—the changes are dramatic. In Fairfax County, Republicans went from narrowly winning the presidential vote in 2000 (48.9 percent to 47.5 percent) to losing it in 2004 by a considerable margin (46 percent to 53.3 percent). Democrat Mark Warner won Fairfax County in 2001 (54.4 percent to 44.9 percent), but Democrat Tim Kaine won it by an even bigger margin (60.2 percent to 37.9 percent) in 2005.

While inner suburbs like Fairfax County (and Arlington and Alexandria) continue to trend Democratic, so too do Washington's exurbs. Prince William County, south of the nation's capital, is filled with Republican voters. At least, it used to be. Bush won there in 2000 and won again in 2004. But Prince William voters have shifted their gubernatorial votes. In 2001, they voted for Republican Mark Earley 52.4 percent to 46.8 percent. In 2005, though, they voted for Democrat Tim Kaine, 50 percent to 48 percent.

Why? Census Bureau statistics suggest that Prince William County is becoming more like Fairfax. Its population has increased. In this period, Asian and Pacific Islanders living there have gone from 3.9 percent to 6.8 percent of the population, and Hispanics have gone from 9.7 percent to 18.1 percent—a huge jump. Prince William County, too, is richer: Median household income was $65,960 in 1999 dollars in 2000. In 2005 it was $81,904.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The same pattern can be found in Loudoun County, west of Washington. Bush won Loudoun in 2000 (56.2 percent to 40.9 percent), but in 2004 he won it while losing points (55.5 percent to Kerry's 43.4 percent). Republicans' share of the gubernatorial vote in Loudoun has also declined steadily. In 1993, Allen won 58.6 percent of the vote there. In 2001, Mark Earley won the county with 52.9 percent. But in 2005 Republican Jerry Kilgore *lost* Loudoun, 46 percent to 51 percent. Again, demographic changes play a role. The Census Bureau estimates that Loudoun County experienced an amazing 50.7 percent growth in its population between 2000 and 2005. During this time, the number of Asian and Pacific Islanders grew from 5.4 percent to 11.6 percent of the population, and the number of Hispanics grew from 5.9 percent to 9.3 percent.

As the exurbs become more like the inner suburbs—multiethnic, professional, and rich—it is likely they will begin to vote like them, too. And more of Virginia is coming to resemble its wealthy north. Last week, in an email, the demographer William Frey, currently a visiting fellow at the Brookings Institution, told me, "The flight toward affordability is extending northern Virginia demographics southward—in effect, shrinking the traditional base." Frey's analysis supports that of John Judis and Ruy Teixeira, who write in *The Emerging Democratic Majority* that "if these suburban"—and now exurban—"voters keep increasing their proportion of the Virginia vote, and if they continue to trend Democratic, they could very well tilt Virginia back to the Democrats, even in presidential elections."

No doubt demographics are important. But candidates matter too. And a few months ago, Allen was one of the most talented Republican politicians around. Always smiling, upbeat, he seemed to have a message designed to appeal equally to Virginia's rural and technocratic voters. In March, I accompanied Allen to the Infineon semiconductor fabrication facility outside Richmond. As we approached the plant, Allen told me how, as governor, he was able to lure investors to build the facility. Back then, Allen found himself in competition with Ross Perot, who wanted the plant in Texas. Allen won. He called the plant "my favorite monument in the Richmond area."

Allen is far wonkier than he appears. At the Infineon facility, his speech was littered with references to "solar-voltaic" batteries and "coal liquefaction" and "dynamic random access memory chips." He told the audience, "We are falling behind in this country as far as broadband access." There was a certain hokey charm in his delivery, and most of the employees gathered in the Infineon cafeteria seemed to respond well. Allen seemed a smart and harmless man who wanted to do his best for his people.

Allen has put all his energy into his political recovery. On a recent Saturday, post-"macaca," the Fairfax County Republican Committee held its Third Annual Ethnic Community Campaign Kick-Off Rally in the Edison High School auditorium in Alexandria. Outside the school, a few protesters milled about. One wore a gorilla suit. This was Hunter "Patch" Adams, M.D., the self-described "doctor/activist/clown" who served as the inspiration for an eponymous 1998 Universal Studios movie starring comedian Robin Williams. At more than six feet, with half his pony-tailed hair dyed indigo, what looks like the jawbone of a small mammal dangling from his left ear, and a gorilla mask nestled in his furry arm, Adams is a striking figure. He is also angry.

As a fellow protester, Anna Banana, waved and smiled at the Republicans entering the high school, Adams told me how the protest came about. "We represent democracy," he said. "Racism is not a family value. We wanted to address the history of Sen. Allen." The gorilla costume, Adams added, was his idea. "I made it in 1971." It seemed to fit the "macaca" moment.

"The most disturbing thing is that he chose to isolate a kid," said another protester, from nearby Falls Church. Later, the activists' PR guy, Bill, handed out a press release. It quotes Anna Banana as saying, "Allen has a long history of racist attitudes and behavior."

You wouldn't have known that, though, from speaking to the people inside the crowded auditorium, who made up an incredible collection of hyphenated Americans. According to the event program, there were, in alphabetical order, Afghans, Africans, Bolivians, Chinese, Colombians, Cubans, Filipinos, Indians, Iranians, Koreans, Pakistanis, Peruvians, Puerto Ricans, Salvadorans, Taiwanese, and Vietnamese—all waving American flags, carrying balloons, and wearing buttons embossed with the names of local Republican political figures.

A local party activist named Gary, a retired engineer who recently returned from an overseas vacation, told me he paid no attention to the protesters. Gary is white. Sen. Allen's verbal slip-up, he said, was excusable, even understandable. "He felt too relaxed and slipped. It came out the wrong way," Gary said. Then he paused and smiled. "Sometimes I get into trouble like that, too."

Onstage, Puneet Ahluwalia, a northern Virginia businessman, introduced Allen, who launched into a cheerful and enthusiastic mangling of greetings in the native languages of those assembled, racing through each phrase, stumbling over diphthongs and glottal stops, and barely pausing to acknowledge the audience members, who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laughed, yelled out corrections, and cheered. It was a pleasant scene: a run-down school auditorium filled with delighted Americans, young and old, and a veteran politician who still was smiling. And here, for the moment, no one had any questions about Allen, race, or ethnicity, and the protesters outside might as well have been a thousand miles away.

Then the moment passed. On September 17, Allen debated Webb on NBC's *Meet the Press*. The consensus among Washington Republicans was that Allen lost the debate soundly. Dean Barnett, a conservative blogger, wrote on radio talk show host Hugh Hewitt's website that, "for conservatives wishing for Allen to retain his seat, their best hope is that Virginians were otherwise occupied this morning or that the state's NBC outlets were having technical difficulties." Allen's positions were muddled. He refused to say whether he supported the president's or Sen. McCain's stance on terrorist interrogations. He refused to say whether he would serve a full term if reelected to the Senate.

The next day, Allen and Webb debated again, this time in front of a paying Fairfax County Chamber of Commerce audience at the McLean Hilton. Among conservatives, the conventional wisdom is that Allen won this second debate, but that since it took place in the middle of a weekday, he will be unable to reap the benefits of victory. This is wrong. While Allen might have had a good showing substantively, the story that emerged from the debate was his irate reaction to WUSA-9 television reporter Peggy Fox's question on a recent report in the *Forward* that he might have been descended, on his mother's side, from the Lumbroso family of Sephardic Jews.

Fox embarrassed herself by asking the question as though she were the grand inquisitor at a show trial. But Allen embarrassed himself too, first by standing there, agape, staring at Fox for asking the question, then by refusing to answer it. Worse, Allen lied. He told Fox, "My mother's French-Italian with a little Spanish blood in her. And I was raised as she was, as far as I know, raised as a Christian." It turns out, of course, that the report in the *Forward* was accurate; by the end of the week, Allen had admitted that his mother informed him in late August that she was raised a Jew. Etty Allen said that she had asked her son to keep her heritage secret, which might have led to his dissembling at the Chamber of Commerce debate.

Still, Allen's move to embrace this newly uncovered part of his heritage has been flawed. He clumsily joked to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* that his mother's Judaism is "just an interesting nuance to my background" and "I still had a ham sandwich for lunch. And my mother made great pork chops." His campaign quickly accused Webb supporters of anti-Semitism for posting video on weblogs of Allen's reaction at the McLean Hilton debate. But this attack was silly. Webb's supporters weren't criticizing Allen for his heritage; they were publicizing his fumbling attempt to cover it up. As this goes to press, the issue shows no sign of disappearing.

In recent days Allen has been recast as a sort of bumbling phony, confused about his identity and his message. His encounter with S.R. Sidarth and his campaign's lame response tripped him up, but that was only the beginning. Steve Jarding, a Democratic consultant and adviser to Webb, said that what hurt Allen most about "macaca" was that it subverted his image as a likable guy. "Ninety percent of Virginians are aware of that tape, according to our polling," Jarding told me. "It cast a doubt on everything George Allen built up over 25 years."

In the past, one of Allen's strengths was his forthrightness and consistency. "He's just authentic," Mary Matalin told me earlier this year. "We're in the era of authenticity. He's serious, but he's comfortable. He doesn't get rattled. He doesn't tap dance." Matalin might have been right at the time, but not anymore.

Allen's advisers still believe the dynamics of this race favor the incumbent. They say his long record in Virginia helps quell any new questions or doubts about his competence. And they are changing strategy. The campaign has gone negative sooner than expected, running attack ads on Webb's views on, among other things, women in the military (some of which he expressed in these pages). "I think that what we're starting to get is a sense of the core of James Webb," campaign manager Wadhams told me last week. "And it's not pretty."

In the coming weeks, Allen expects to introduce new policies, hoping to change the conversation, directing the debate toward domestic and economic issues on which Webb is weak. And Allen has the money—some $12 million, dwarfing the $1.1 million Webb raised through June 30—to ensure a presence on radio and television.

Webb adviser Jarding says the race will come down to money, and that if the Democrat raises enough to reach near parity with Allen on the air, he will win. In the race this is becoming, however, money may be less important than usual. So far, free media have dominated the campaign—the stories on macaca, the Lumbrosos, and so on—and this will only continue if Allen keeps performing as badly as he has in recent weeks. If nothing changes, November 7 is sure to be the defining test of Allen's three-decade-long political career. If he fails, it will be only partly because the Virginia that captured his heart as a young man is slowly vanishing. Mainly it will be because of Allen himself. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Socrates or Muhammad?

Joseph Ratzinger on the destiny of reason

By Lee Harris

To the memory of Oriana Fallaci

On September 12, Pope Benedict XVI delivered an astonishing speech at the University of Regensburg. Entitled "Faith, Reason, and the University," it has been widely discussed, but far less widely understood. The *New York Times*, for example, headlined its article on the Regensburg address, "The Pope Assails Secularism, with a Note on Jihad." The word "secularism" does not appear in the speech, nor does the pope assail or attack modernity or the Enlightenment. He states quite clearly that he is attempting "a critique of modern reason from within," and he notes that this project "has nothing to do with putting the clock back to the time before the Enlightenment and rejecting the insights of the modern age. The positive aspects of modernity are to be acknowledged unreservedly."

Benedict, in short, is not issuing a contemporary Syllabus of Errors. Instead, he is asking those in the West who "share the responsibility for the right use of reason" to return to the kind of self-critical examination of their own beliefs that was the hallmark of ancient Greek thought at its best. The spirit that animates Benedict's address is not the spirit of Pius IX; it is the spirit of Socrates. Benedict is inviting all of us to ask ourselves, Do we really know what we are talking about when we talk about faith, reason, God, and community?

For many, it will seem paradoxical that the Roman pontiff has invoked the critical spirit of Socrates. The pope, after all, is the embodiment of the traditional authority of the Church, and the Church is supposed to have all the answers. Yet Socrates was famous as the man who had all the questions. Far from making any claims to infallibility, Socrates argued that the unexamined life was not worth living, and he was prepared to die rather than cease the process of critical self-examination. Socrates even refused to call himself wise, arguing instead that he only deserved to be called a "lover of wisdom."

Socrates skillfully employed paradox as a way to get people to think, yet even he might have been puzzled by the paradox of a Roman Catholic pope who is asking for a return to Socratic doubt and self-critique. Benedict must be perfectly aware of this paradox himself, so that we must assume that he, too, is using paradox deliberately, as Socrates did, and for the same reason: to startle his listeners into rethinking what they thought they already knew.

But why should Pope Benedict XVI feel the need at this moment in history to emphasize and highlight the role that Greek philosophical inquiry played in "the foundation of what can rightly be called Europe"? Christian Europe, after all, was a fusion of diverse elements: the Hebrew tradition, the experience of the early Christian community, the Roman genius for law, order, and hierarchy, the Germanic barbarians' love of freedom, among many others. In this cultural amalgam, Greek philosophy certainly played a role, yet its contribution was controversial from the beginning. In the second century A.D., the eminent Christian theologian Tertullian, who had been trained as a Roman lawyer, asked contemptuously: "What does Athens have to do with Jerusalem?" For Tertullian, Athens represented hot-air and wild speculation. Many others in the early Church agreed, among them those who burned the writings of the most brilliant of all Greek theologians, Origen. Yet Benedict's address can be understood as a return to the position of the man who taught Origen, the vastly erudite St. Clement of Alexandria.

St. Clement argued that Greek philosophy had been given by God to mankind as a second source of truth, comparable to the Hebrew revelation. For St. Clement, Socrates and Plato were not pagan thinkers; they prefigured Christianity. Contrary to what Tertullian believed,

---

Lee Harris is the author of Civilization and Its Enemies (*Free Press). His new book* The Suicide of Reason *(Basic) is scheduled to be published next year.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christianity needed more than just Jerusalem: It needed Athens too. Pope Benedict in his address makes a strikingly similar claim: "The encounter between the Biblical message and Greek thought did not happen by chance." This encounter, for Benedict, was providential, just as it had been for St. Clement. Furthermore, Benedict argues that the "inner rapprochement between Biblical faith and Greek philosophical inquiry was an event of decisive importance not only from the standpoint of the history of religions, but also from that of world history." For Benedict, however, this event is not mere ancient history. It is a legacy that we in the West are all duty-bound to keep alive—yet it is a legacy that is under attack, both from those who do not share it, namely Islam, and from those who are its beneficiaries and do not understand it, namely, Western intellectuals.

Let us begin by taking seriously Benedict's claim that in his address he is attempting to sketch, in a rough outline, "a critique of modern reason from within." He is not using his authority as the Roman pontiff to attack modern reason from the point of view of the Church. His approach is not dogmatic; it is dialectical. He stands before his learned audience not as the pope, but simply as Joseph Ratzinger, an intelligent and thoughtful man, who makes no claims to any privileged cognitive authority. He has come, like Socrates, not to preach or sermonize, but to challenge with questions.

Ratzinger is troubled that most educated people today appear to think that they know what they are talking about, even when they are talking about very difficult things, like reason and faith. Reason, they think, is modern reason. But, as Ratzinger notes, modern reason is a far more limited and narrow concept than the Greek notion of reason. The Greeks felt that they could reason about anything and everything—about the immortality of the soul, metempsychosis, the nature of God, the role of reason in the universe, and so on. Modern reason, from the time of Kant, has repudiated this kind of wild speculative reason. For modern reason, there is no point in even asking such questions, because there is no way of answering them scientifically. Modern reason, after Kant, became identified with what modern science does. Modern science uses mathematics and the empirical method to discover truths about which we can all be certain: Such truths are called scientific truths. It is the business of modern reason to severely limit its activity to the discovery of such truths, and to refrain from pure speculation.

Ratzinger, it must be stressed, has no trouble with the truths revealed by modern science. He welcomes them. He has no argument with Darwin or Einstein or Heisenberg. What disturbs him is the assumption that scientific reason is the only form of reason, and that whatever is not scientifically provable lies outside the universe of reason. According to Ratzinger, the results of this "modern self-limitation of reason" are twofold. First, "the human sciences, such as history, psychology, sociology, and philosophy, attempt to conform themselves to this canon of scientificity." Second, "by its very nature [the scientific] method excludes the question of God, making it appear an unscientific or pre-scientific question."

In making this last point about God, it may appear that Joseph Ratzinger, the critical thinker, has switched back into being Pope Benedict XVI, the upholder of Christian orthodoxy. Defenders of modern reason and modern science can simply shrug off his objection to their exclusion of God by saying, "Of course, the question of God cannot be answered by science. This was the whole point of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. Science can neither prove, nor disprove God's existence. Furthermore, by bringing in the question of God, you have violated your own ground rules. You claimed to be offering a critique of modern reason *from within*, but by dragging God into the discussion, you are criticizing modern reason from the standpoint of a committed Christian. You are merely saying that modern reason excludes God; we who subscribe to the concept of modern reason are perfectly aware of this fact. Maybe it troubles you, as a Christian, but it doesn't bother us in the least."

Can Joseph Ratzinger, the critical thinker, answer this objection? Yes, he can, and he does. His answer is provided by his discussion of jihad. Contrary to what the *New York Times* reported, Ratzinger is not providing merely "a note on jihad" that has no real bearing on the central message of his address. According to his own words, the topic of jihad constitutes "the starting-point" for his reflection on faith and reason. Ratzinger uses the Islamic concept of jihad to elucidate his critique of modern reason from within.

Modern reason argues that questions of ethics, of religion, and of God are outside its compass. Because there is no scientific method by which such questions can be answered, modern reason cannot concern itself with them, nor should it try to. From the point of view of modern reason, all religious faiths are equally irrational, all systems of ethics equally unverifiable, all concepts of God equally beyond rational criticism. But if this is the case, then what can modern reason say when it is confronted by a God who commands that his followers should use violence and even the threat of death in order to convert unbelievers?

If modern reason cannot concern itself with the ques-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of God, then it cannot argue that a God who commands jihad is better or worse than a God who commands us not to use violence to impose our religious views on others. To the modern atheist, both Gods are equally figments of the imagination, in which case it would be ludicrous to discuss their relative merits. The proponent of modern reason, therefore, could not possibly think of participating in a dialogue on whether Christianity or Islam is the more reasonable religion, since, for him, the very notion of a "reasonable religion" is a contradiction in terms.

Ratzinger wishes to challenge this notion, not from the point of view of a committed Christian, but from the point of view of modern reason itself. He does this by calling his educated listeners' attention to a "dialogue—carried on—perhaps in 1391 in the winter barracks near Ankara—by the erudite Byzantine emperor Manuel II Paleologus and an educated Persian on the subject of Christianity and Islam, and the truth of both." In particular, Ratzinger focuses on a passage in the dialogue where the emperor "addresses his interlocutor with a startling brusqueness" on the "central question about the relationship between religion and violence in general, saying: 'Show me just what Mohammed brought that was new, and there you will find things only evil and inhuman, such as his command to spread by the sword the faith he preached.'"

Ratzinger's daring use of this provocative quotation was not designed to inflame Muslims. He was using the emperor's question in order to offer a profound challenge to modern reason *from within*. Can modern reason really stand on the sidelines of a clash between a religion that commands jihad and a religion that forbids violent conversion? Can a committed atheist avoid taking the side of Manuel II Paleologus when he says: "God is not pleased by blood—and not acting reasonably is contrary to God's nature. . . . Whoever would lead someone to faith needs the ability to speak well and to reason properly, without violence and threats. . . . To convince a reasonable soul, one does not need a strong arm, or weapons of any kind, or any other means of threatening a person with death."

Modern science cannot tell us that the emperor is right in his controversy with the learned Persian over what is or is not contrary to God's nature. Modern reason proclaims such questions unanswerable by science—and it is right to do so. But can modern reason hope to survive as reason at all if it insists on reducing the domain of reasonable inquiry to the sphere of scientific inquiry? If modern reason cannot take the side of the emperor in this debate, if it cannot see that his religion is more reasonable than the religion of those who preach and practice jihad, if it cannot condemn as unreasonable a religion that forces atheists and unbelievers to make a choice between their intellectual integrity and death, then modern reason may be modern, but it has ceased to be reason.

The typical solution to the problem of ethics and religion offered by modern reason is quite simple: Let the individual decide such matters himself, by whatever means he wishes. If a person prefers Islam over Christianity, or Jainism over Methodism, that is entirely up to him. All such choices, from the perspective of modern reason, are equally leaps of faith, or simply matters of taste; hence all are equally irrational. Ratzinger recognizes this supposed solution, but he sees the fatal weakness in it. Modern reason asserts that questions of ethics and religion

> have no place within the purview of collective reason as defined by "science," . . . and must thus be relegated to the realm of the subjective. The subject then decides, on the basis of his experiences, what he considers tenable in matters of religion, and the subjective "conscience" becomes the sole arbiter of what is ethical. In this way, though, ethics and religion lose their power to create a community and become a completely personal matter. This is a dangerous state of affairs for humanity, as we see from the disturbing pathologies of religion and reason which necessarily erupt when reason is so reduced that questions of religion and ethics no longer concern it.

If the individual is free to choose between violence and reason, it will become impossible to create a community in which all the members restrict themselves to using reason alone to obtain their objectives. If it is left up to the individual to use violence or reason, then those whose subjective choice is for violence will inevitably destroy the community of those whose subjective choice is for reason. Worse still, those whose subjective choice is for violence do not need to constitute more than a small percentage of the community in order to destroy the very possibility of a community of reasonable men: Brute force and terror quickly extinguish rational dialogue and debate.

Modern reason says that all ethical choices are subjective and beyond the scope of reason. But if this is so, then a man who wishes to live in a community made up of reasonable men is simply making a personal subjective choice—a choice that is no more reasonable than the choice of the man who wishes to live in a community governed by brute force. But if the reasonable man is reasonable, he must recognize that modern reason itself can only survive in a community made up of other reasonable men. Since to be a reasonable man entails wishing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to live in a community made up of other reasonable men, then the reasonable man cannot afford to allow the choice between reason and violence to be left up to mere personal taste or intellectual caprice. To do so would be a betrayal of reason.

Modern reason, to be sure, cannot prove scientifically that a community of reasonable men is ethically superior to a community governed by violent men. But a critique of modern reason from within must recognize that a community of reasonable men is a necessary precondition of the very existence of modern reason. He who wills to preserve and maintain the achievements of modern reason must also will to live in a community made up of reasonable men who abstain from the use of violence to enforce their own values and ideas. Such a community is the *a priori* ethical foundation of modern reason. Thus, modern reason, despite its claim that it can give no scientific advice about ethics and religion, must recognize that its own existence and survival demand both an ethical postulate and a religious postulate. The ethical postulate is: Do whatever is possible to create a community of reasonable men who abstain from violence, and who prefer to use reason. The religious postulate is: If you are given a choice between religions, always prefer the religion that is most conducive to creating a community of reasonable men, *even if you don't believe in it yourself.*

Modern reason cannot hope to prove these postulates to be scientifically true; but it must recognize that a refusal to adopt and act on these postulates will threaten the very survival of modern reason itself. That is the point of Ratzinger's warning that "the West has long been endangered by [its] aversion to the questions which underlie its rationality, and can only suffer great harm thereby." Because it is ultimately a community of reasonable men that underlies the rationality of the West, modern reason is risking suicide by not squarely confronting the question: How did such a community of reasonable men come into being in the first place? By what miracle did men turn from brute force and decide to reason with one another?

It is important to stress that Ratzinger is not repudiating the critical examination of reason that was initiated by Kant. Instead, he is urging us to examine the cultural and historical conditions that made the emergence of modern reason possible. Modern reason required a preexisting community of reasonable men *before* it could emerge in the West; modern reason, therefore, could not create the cultural and historical condition that made its own existence possible. But in this case, modern reason must ask itself: What created the communities of reasonable men that eventually made modern reason possible?

This was the question taken up by one of Kant's most illustrious and brilliant students, Johann Herder. Herder began by accepting Kant and the Enlightenment, but he went on to ask the Kantian question: What were the necessary conditions of the European Enlightenment? What kind of culture was necessary in order to produce a critical thinker like Immanuel Kant himself? When Kant, in his *Critique of Pure Reason*, methodically demolished all the traditional proofs for the existence of God, why wasn't he torn limb from limb in the streets of Königsburg by outraged believers, instead of being hailed as one of the greatest philosophers of all time?

Herder's answer was that in Europe, and in Europe alone, human beings had achieved what Herder called "cultures of reason." In his grand and pioneering survey of world history and world cultures, Herder had been struck by the fact that in the vast majority of human societies, reason played little or no role. Men were governed either by a blind adherence to tradition or by brute force. Only among the ancient Greeks did the ideal of reason emerge to which Manuel II Paleologus appeals in his dialogue with the learned Persian.

A culture of reason is one in which the ideal of the dialogue has become the foundation of the entire community. In a culture of reason, everyone has agreed to regard violence as an illegitimate method of changing other people's minds. The only legitimate method of effecting such change is to speak well and to reason properly. Furthermore, a culture of reason is one that privileges the spirit of Greek philosophic inquiry: It encourages men to think for themselves.

For Herder, modern scientific reason was the product of European cultures of reason, but these rare cultures of reason were themselves the outcome of a well-nigh miraculous convergence of traditions to which Ratzinger has called our attention as constituting the foundation of Europe: the world-historical encounter between Biblical faith and Greek philosophical inquiry, "with the subsequent addition of the Roman heritage." Thus, for Herder, modern scientific and critical reason, if it looks scientifically and critically at itself, will be forced to recognize that it could never have come into existence had it not been for the "providential," or perhaps merely serendipitous, convergence of these three great traditions. Modern reason is a cultural phenomenon like any other: It did not drop down one fine day out of the clouds. It involved no special creation. Rather, it evolved uniquely out of the fusion of cultural traditions known as Christendom.

A critique of modern reason from within must recog-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nize its cultural and historical roots in this Christian heritage. In particular, it must recognize its debt to the distinctive concept of God that was the product of the convergence of the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman traditions. To recognize this debt, of course, does not require any of us to believe that this God actually exists.

For example, the 19th-century German philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer was an atheist; yet in his own critique of modern reason, he makes a remarkably shrewd point, which Ratzinger might well have made himself. Modern scientific reason says that the universe is governed by rules through and through; indeed, it is the aim of modern reason to disclose and reveal these laws through scientific inquiry. Yet, as Schopenhauer asks, where did this notion of a law-governed universe come from? No scientist can possibly argue that science has proven the universe to be rule-governed throughout all of space and all of time. As Kant argued in his *Critique of Judgment*, scientists must begin by *assuming* that nature is rational through and through: It is a necessary hypothesis for doing science at all. But where did this hypothesis, so vital to science, come from?

The answer, according to Schopenhauer, was that modern scientific reason derived its model of the universe from the Christian concept of God as a rational Creator who has intelligently designed every last detail of the universe *ex nihilo*. It was this Christian idea of God that permitted Europeans to believe that the universe was a rational cosmos. Because Europeans had been brought up to imagine the universe as the creation of a rational intelligence, they naturally came to expect to find evidence of this intelligence wherever they looked—and, strangely enough, they did.

Ratzinger, in his address, draws our attention to the famous opening passage of the Gospel of John, in which the Biblical God, the Creator of the Universe, is identified with the Greek concept of *logos*, which means both word and reason—"a reason which is creative and capable of self-communication, precisely as reason." Though Ratzinger does not mention it, the Roman tradition also comes into play in this revolutionary new concept of God: For the Christian God, like a good Roman emperor, is a passionate lover of order, law, and hierarchy. He does not merely create a universe through reason, but he subjects it thoroughly to laws, establishes order in every part of it, and organizes hierarchies that allow us to comprehend it all: Our cat is a member of the species cat, the species cat belongs to the order of mammals, all mammals are in turn animals, and all animals are forms of life. What Roman legion was ever better organized than that?

For Schopenhauer, as an atheist, the rational Creator worshiped by Christians was an imaginary construction, like all other gods. For Ratzinger, as a Christian, this imaginary construction is an approximation of the reality of God; but for Ratzinger, as a critical thinker, there is no need to make this affirmation of faith. In offering his "critique of modern reason from within," it is enough for his purposes to point out how radically different this imaginary construction of God is from the competing imaginary constructions of God offered by other religions—and, indeed, from competing imaginary constructions of God offered by many thinkers who fell clearly within the Christian tradition.

For example, Ratzinger notes that within the Catholic scholastic tradition itself, thinkers emerged like Duns Scotus, whose imaginary construction of God sundered the "synthesis between the Greek spirit and the Christian spirit." For Scotus, it was quite possible that God "could have done the opposite of everything he has actually done." If God had willed to create a universe without rhyme or reason, a universe completely unintelligible to human intelligence, that would have been his privilege. If he had decided to issue commandments that enjoined human beings to sacrifice their children, or kill their neighbors, or plunder their property, mankind would have been compelled to obey such commandments. Nor would we have had any "reason" to object to them, or even question them. For Scotus and those who followed him, the ultimate and only reason behind the universe is God's free and unrestrained will. But as Ratzinger asks, How can such a view of God avoid leading "to the image of a capricious God, who is not even bound to truth and goodness?" The answer is, it cannot.

Intimately connected with the concept of God as a rational Creator who wishes for us to be able to understand the reason behind the universe is the concept of a God who will behave reasonably toward us. He will not be delighted when we grovel before him, nor will he demand that we worship him in "fear and trembling." Instead, he will be a God who prefers for us to feel reverence and gratitude towards him.

Ratzinger notes that Socrates' mission was to challenge and critique the myths of the Greek gods that prevailed in his day. These gods were imagined as behaving not only capriciously, but often wickedly and brutally. The famous line from *King Lear* sums up this view: "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods—they kill us for their sport." But, asked Socrates, were such gods worthy of being worshiped by reasonable men, or by free men? True, we may feel abject terror before them; but should we have reverence for them simply because they have the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power to injure us? In *The Euthyphro*, Socrates quotes a Greek poet, Stasinus, who, speaking of Zeus, says "where fear is, there also is reverence," but only to disagree with the poet's concept of God. "It does not seem to me true that where fear is, there also is reverence; for many who fear diseases and poverty and other such things seem to me to fear, but not to reverence at all these things which they fear." For Socrates, it was obvious that good was not whatever God capriciously chose to do; the good was what God was compelled by his very nature to do. Socrates would have agreed with the Byzantine emperor when he said, "God is not pleased by blood, and not acting reasonably is contrary to God's nature."

The Emperor Manuel II Paleologus pondered this question in his debate with the learned Persian. How can a god who commands conversion by the sword be the same god as the emperor's god—a god who wished to gain converts only through the use of words and reason? If Allah is happy to accept converts who are trembling in fear for their lives, with a sword hovering over their necks, then he may well be a god worth fearing, but not a god worth revering. He may represent an imaginary construction of god suitable to slaves, but he will not be an image of god worthy of being worshiped by a Socrates—or by any reasonable man.

The *New York Times* expressed dismay that Pope Benedict XVI, by quoting the words of Manuel II Paleologus, had betrayed the ecumenical tradition of John Paul II, who insisted that all of us, including both Christians and Muslims, worship the same God. Many others have joined in the criticism of the Regensburg address; Ratzinger, in his role as the Roman pontiff, has apologized if his remarks offended Muslim sensibilities. Perhaps, as Pope Benedict, he was wise to do so. But Ratzinger, the man of reason, the critical thinker, owes no one an apology. He spoke his mind, and he challenged his listeners and the world to ponder questions that have haunted thoughtful men from the first age of Greek philosophic inquiry. He has thrown out an immense challenge to modern reason and to the modern world. Is it really a matter of subjective choice whether men follow a religion that respects human reason and that refuses to use violence to convert others? Can even the most committed atheist be completely indifferent to the imaginary gods that the other members of his community continue to worship? If modern reason cannot persuade men to defend their own communities of reason against the eruption of "disturbing pathologies of religion and reason," then *what* can persuade them to do so?

Human beings will have their gods—and modern reason cannot alter this. Indeed, modern reason has produced its own *ersatz* god—a blind and capricious universe into which accidental man has found himself inexplicably thrown. It is a universe in which all human freedom is an illusion, because everything we do or think was determined from the moment of the Big Bang. It is a universe in which there is no mind at all, but only matter. Yet without mind, how can there be reason? Without free will, how can there be reasonable choices? Without reasonable choices, how can there be reasonable men? Without reasonable men, how can there be communities in which human dignity is defended from the indignity of violence and brute force?

On his last day on earth, Socrates spent the hours before he drank the fatal hemlock talking to his friends about the immortality of the human soul. Next to Socrates was a Greek boy, whose name was Phaedo—Ratzinger mentions him in his address. Socrates had come across Phaedo one day in the marketplace of Athens, where he was up for sale as a slave. Distraught at knowing what lay ahead for the handsome and intelligent boy, Socrates ran to all his wealthy friends and collected enough money to buy the boy, then immediately gave him his freedom. Socrates' liberation of Phaedo was a symbol of Socrates' earthly mission.

Socrates hated the very thought of slavery—slavery to other men, slavery to mere opinions, slavery to fear, slavery to our own low desires, slavery to our own high ambitions. He believed that reason could liberate human beings from these various forms of slavery. Socrates would have protested against the very thought of a God who was delighted by forced conversions, or who was pleased when his worshipers proudly boasted that they were his slaves. He would have fought against those who teach that the universe is an uncaring thing, or who tell us that freedom is an illusion and our mind a phantom. Ultimately, perhaps, Socrates would have seen little to distinguish between those who bow down trembling before an irrational god and those who resign themselves before an utterly indifferent universe.

In his moving and heroic speech, Joseph Ratzinger has chosen to play the part of Socrates, not giving us dogmatic answers, but stinging us with provocative questions. Shall we abandon the lofty and noble conception of reason for which Socrates gave his life? Shall we delude ourselves into thinking that the life of reason can survive without courage and character? Shall we be content with lives we refuse to examine, because such examination requires us to ask questions for which science can give no definite answer? The destiny of reason will be determined by how we in the modern West answer these questions. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy seven exclusive days and nights on the spectacular coast of Alaska with your favorite Weekly Standard pundits June 16–23, 2007

- *Special private Weekly Standard sessions and programs*
- *Dining with editors and writers*
- *Private receptions*
- *Traveling with like-minded conservatives*
- *All-inclusive pricing*
- *A fully escorted cruise*

WEEKLY STANDARD 2007 CRUISE

Date	*Day*	*Ports of Call*
June 16	Sat.	Seattle, WA
June 17	Sun.	At Sea
June 18	Mon.	Juneau, AK
June 19	Tues.	Hubbard Glacier
June 20	Wed.	Sitka, AK
June 21	Thurs.	Ketchikan, AK
June 22	Fri.	Victoria, BC
June 23	Sat.	Seattle, WA

For more information, call 1-800-266-4043

THE CRUISE AUTHORITY®

Holland America

the weekly Standard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pawtucket, Rhode Island, August 2006

AP / Stew Milne

What Dylan Is Not

Poet Laureate of the left, for one

BY SEAN CURNYN

A good deal of hoopla greeted the grizzled rock-musician Neil Young's musical assault on George W. Bush earlier this year. His album *Living With War* included a hundred-voice choir singing a song entitled "Let's Impeach the President." For those survivors of anti-Vietnam war protests, and their younger would-be imitators, it was a moment for a sharp intake of breath and the tantalizing hope that maybe now, after all, music really *could* change the world. I mean, everyone has to sit up and take notice of Neil Young, right?

Sean Curnyn is writing a book on political and moral themes in the work of Bob Dylan.

Young's crusading album included another song called "Flags of Freedom," in which he gave a name-check to Bob Dylan, and adapted the melody of Dylan's own somewhat more lyrically complex song "Chimes of Freedom."

He really should have known better. In an interview several months later with Edna Gundersen in *USA Today*, Dylan was asked about the absence of any song about the current war on his own latest album, *Modern Times*.

> "Didn't Neil Young do that?" he jokes . . . "What's funny about the Neil record, when I heard 'Let's Impeach the President,' I thought it was something old that had been lying around. I said, 'That's crazy, he's doing a song about Clinton?'"

With his sly and somewhat wicked response, Dylan had (1) desperately frustrated the considerable number of more obvious Dylan fans who have been waiting on the edge of a cliff for him to say or sing something—anything!—against President Bush and the Iraq war and (2) told Neil Young none-too-subtly that he found his recent ultrapolitical songwriting essentially pointless.

Somehow, after over 40 years of evi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dence to the contrary, much of the world seems to continue to expect the man who is arguably America's greatest songwriter to sign on to left/liberal causes at the first opportunity. If nothing else, it is proof that in attempting to kidnap Dylan's songs (in Dylan's own words, his songs were "subverted into polemics" in the 1960s), the left succeeded in convincing the average person that both the work and the man did, indeed, belong to them.

In the summer run-up to the 2004 presidential campaign, a concert tour of anti-Bush musicians was being organized, led by Bruce Springsteen. They would perform in swing states in support of John Kerry. The advance press regarding the tour always prominently mentioned Bob Dylan as one of the musicians being talked about for the lineup. There was no surprise about this expressed in the stories; after all, campaigning against Republican presidents is what Bob Dylan has always done, isn't it? But when dates and lineups were finally announced for the "Vote for Change" tour, one name was prominently missing: that of Bob Dylan. And indeed, any scrutiny of the record would show that he has never endorsed a political candidate (although some political candidates have endorsed *him*). The closest he has ever come would be the statement in his memoir, *Chronicles*, that his "favorite politician" *circa* 1961 was Barry Goldwater.

As tempted as he might have been two years ago to give the MoveOn.org crew what they wanted (probably not at all), the true nature of Dylan's independence was tested in the crazy crucible of the 1960s, and proven by the degree to which he resisted being crowned king by those who begged for only a word from him. It always comes back to that time, and to the Vietnam war, for Bob Dylan, especially when the media are doing one of their thumbnails of his career. He didn't ask for it to be that way; it just is. As he said to *Rolling Stone* in his most recent interview:

> Did I ever want to acquire the Sixties? *No*. But I own the Sixties … I'll give 'em to you if you want 'em. You can have 'em.

It's an interesting paradox. Looking at the record, Vietnam should have been the wedge that forced the left to reject Dylan as a matter of dogma, because he failed to give them anything that they demanded from him, and actually gave them the opposite of what they wanted.

Instead, the Vietnam war is the seemingly unbreakable link that ties Dylan to the left in the popular consciousness. Consider: Dylan wrote no songs about the Vietnam war during the 1960s. *Zero.* The songs Dylan wrote that antiwar protesters later seized upon (from *Blowin' in the Wind* on down) were written when the Vietnam war was little more than a twinkle in John F. Kennedy's eye. A close study of those songs would also reveal, as Dylan himself has stated in so many words, that they are not "antiwar" songs, as such. Just as with all his best work, they are based upon an almost unerring sense of human nature and a remarkable ability to ask questions that provoke revealing answers in the listener.

"How many times must the cannonballs fly?" An honest listener must admit: Cannonballs will always fly, in this world—and the song does not deny that. Less philosophical listeners demanded other, more specific, answers from the songs and from their singer.

Consider also: Dylan never spoke out against the Vietnam war in the 1960s. *Not once*. It was not for want of being asked. At a 1965 press conference in San Francisco he was asked if he would be participating in an antiwar protest later that day. He replied, "No, I'll be busy tonight." The tape shows that he was all but laughing while he said it.

He wasn't laughing some years later when people rifled through his garbage, and protested outside the home he shared with his wife and children, because they were unhappy with the records their "leader" was making. With America's name at a low-water mark in the world and in the minds of the protesters at home, Dylan recorded *Nashville Skyline*, an album of sweet country music that can also be heard as love songs to a simpler America, and one that was certainly very far from Dylan's front door.

Despite the heat he took, he backed down not one bit. In an interview in *Sing Out!* magazine in 1968, Dylan was pressed on how any artist could be silent in the face of the war. Dylan talked about a painter friend of his who was in favor of the war, and said that he "could comprehend him." Pressed further on how he could possibly share any values with such a person, Dylan responded:

> I've known him a long time, he's a gentleman and I admire him . . . Anyway, how do you know that I'm not, as you say, for the war?

The topic was dropped there.

While most left-wing Dylan fans have always quickly moved to forgive or forget Dylan's sins, there are always those who continue to upbraid him. Mike Marqusee, in *The Politics of Bob Dylan's Art* (2003), says, "If public life is an ongoing test for the artist, then when it came to Vietnam, Dylan failed." He also bemoans the "fatalism of the later Dylan"—as if songs that place their hope primarily in the next world's justice are somehow more "fatalistic" than 1963's "The Ballad of Hollis Brown." Earlier this year, in *The Nation*, Richard Goldstein took Dylan to task for his "sexism" and told us that "the rod of ages he clings to . . . is a phallus."

On the other hand, there is also a largely unheralded brand of listener who is perceiving a funny thing in Dylan's latter-day work: Many of his apparently secular songs of romantic love seem to resonate most strongly, and are arguably best understood, as songs of devotion to God. Is Dylan in some sense masking his (always controversial) faith in this (almost blasphemously) sly manner, where "you" often really means "You"?

It does appear clear that our view of Bob Dylan has been constricted by the "a-changin'" times during which he's worked. And while the music of peers like Young and Springsteen is probably destined for artifact status as the decades pass by, Dylan's seems likely to continue provoking consideration

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well into the future. It is also likely that that future belongs to those Dylan listeners who are not so much flummoxed by the enigma of an ever-shifting man of many faces—who supposedly swings back and forth between leftism, conservatism, faith, and nihilism—but instead to those who see a continuum in the precocious 22-year-old who wrote, "How many years can a mountain exist / before it is washed to the sea?" and the at-peace-in-his-own-skin 65-year-old who now sings:

In this earthly domain
Full of disappointment and pain
You'll never see me frown
I owe my heart to you
And that's sayin' it true
And I'll be with you when the deal goes down.

Posterity is likely to understand that the politics of Dylan's art has always been on another level entirely. ♦

Soldier of Iraq

How a genuine hero was laid low by politics.

BY HENRIK BERING

"Friendly fire" is the curious term used to describe casualties accidentally inflicted by one's own side or by allied forces. That such casualties can also occur in the metaphorical sense is proved by the ruined career of one of Britain's most promising officers, Col. Tim Collins, commander of the 1st Battalion Royal Irish Regiment.

Rules of Engagement
by Tim Collins
Headline, 352 pp., $39.95

On the eve of the Iraq war, Collins won international fame for his "eve of battle" address to his men, defining their mission in Iraq. In Churchillian cadences, it stressed that the allied armies had "come to liberate, not to conquer," admonished his troops to "be ferocious in battle and magnanimous in victory," and, above all, to "tread lightly." The moment was captured by embedded journalists, and hailed as one of the greatest speeches since Shakespeare's Henry V at Agincourt—a kind of credo for the modern warrior for democracy.

In the war, Collins's orders were to secure an area containing vital oil installations which he achieved without losing a single man. In fact, his battalion captured more territory than any other British unit, and he seemed destined for greatness, when disaster struck: Out of the blue, Collins was accused of war crimes by an American officer. And that was only the beginning of his nightmare. When the army investigators started digging, people practically drew numbers to unload on him. Inevitably, some of the accusations were leaked to the press and Collins was hung out in the British tabloids as a murderer and torturer. Despite his sterling record, he received no support whatsoever from the army leadership, and was left to fend for himself, another sacrifice on the altar of political correctness.

Colonel Collins's memoirs are one of those books that leave the reader shaking his head in disbelief. A life of conflict it has certainly been. Collins grew up in Belfast in the 1970s; at 22 he joined the army and went to Sandhurst to become an officer. He spent the first Gulf war with the 22nd Special Air Service regiment, served in Northern Ireland (which, among other things, teaches troops to show restraint under provocation), and he spent two years as a commander in the SAS, Britain's elite Special Forces, where, among other things, he went to Sierra Leone to fight the West Side Boys, a gang whose specialty was chopping off their victims' arms and legs. He was also in Sarajevo during the 1994 siege.

In short, he was well prepared for the challenges of Iraq.

What brought about his downfall was an episode in the village of Al Rumaylah, where Collins and his men had been working hard to establish a fragile return to normalcy. A plot to kill three medical functionaries at the local hospital, and then start an insurrection, had come to his attention. He was discussing this with his commanding general, when a convoy of U.S. humvees came blasting into the main square of Al Rumaylah. While throwing food at children and civilians, the Americans started negotiating with a group of looters who were trying to get their confiscated booty back. A crowd of threatening young men began to gather.

Collins's experiences in Northern Ireland told him that this could develop into a riot, and he went out to intervene. He gruffly ordered the major in charge, a reservist named Re Biastre, and his men to stop immediately and clear the hell out. Biastre, feeling the need to assert himself in front of his men, refused to acknowledge Collins's authority. Collins took the major aside and let it rip. Biastre's bluster immediately collapsed, and to Collins's astonishment the man started to cry, promising never to interfere again. Having let the major cool his heels for awhile, Collins let him go thinking that was the end of that.

That same night, Collins arranged a raid on the men suspected of involvement in the plot, among them the Baathist school headmaster, Abu Nawfel, who also held the position of "deputy head of internal security"—that is, the local enforcer, and one of those charged by Saddam Hussein to fight on against allied forces. A quick search of his house, during which Abu

Henrik Bering is a journalist and critic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AFP / Stefan Rousseau

Col. Tim Collins at Buckingham Palace, 2004

Nawfel knocked his head in the dark, unearthed a sum of money that corresponded exactly to the going rate for three murders, plus two rifles. Knowing the game was up, Abu Nawfel proposed a deal: In exchange for his freedom, he would round up the weapons in the village. The next day, 130 rifles were duly delivered, the three medical personnel had been saved, and a rebellion averted.

This is the point where Collins learned that the weeping major had filed charges against him for abuse of prisoners, for placing him in illegal custody, and having made him stand in the sun for 45 minutes. In addition, he learned that Abu Nawfel claimed that Collins had pistol-whipped him, re-enacting the scene of his alleged mistreatment with great theatrical flair for three different news channels.

The tabloids quickly followed with a set of new allegations. Collins was accused of dousing a Baath party official with petrol, applying a match, and then shooting him. Another paper accused his men of mowing down nine prisoners of war outside Basra (with Collins's knowledge) and burying them in shallow graves. That latter claim could have been disproved immediately, as Collins and his men had been nowhere near Basra. Instead, an army spokesman stated that, while he believed the accusation to be untrue, "he could not be 100 percent sure"—thus inviting further speculation.

After an exhaustive investigation, lasting a whole year, the case against Collins crumbled. Major Biastre's statements were full of contradictions. He turned out not to be a Special Forces agent, as he had claimed to Collins, but a civil affairs officer, and not a New York City cop but a school career counselor and part-time traffic policeman from Buffalo with a history of filing complaints against his superiors.

Then there is Abu Nawfel. According to the rules of engagement in Iraq, armed members of the Baath party are classed as combatants, against whom the use of force is permitted as long as it is proportional, directed towards the threat, and fulfils a military necessity. Since Abu Nawfel was resisting entry to his house, since the money paid to kill those physicians working with the allies was found in his house, and since he knew where the weapons to be used in the uprising were hidden, all three criteria seemed to be fulfilled.

Thus, in the end, Collins was totally cleared of all charges. He was promoted to full colonel and given the Order of the British Empire for "meritorious" leadership in the Iraq war. The tabloids had to pay damages. But the experience had soured him on the British Army, and knowing his chances for advancement had been ruined, he left it the day of the OBE ceremony.

Collins, known as "Nails" to his men, emerges as the kind of flamboyant, larger-than-life figure who inspires intense loyalty, but also as the kind of man who creates a lot of enemies among those less gifted who happen to be of superior rank. What makes Collins's story worrisome is that his is not an isolated case. In the same area of operations, a female Danish captain of intelligence was put on trial for having violated the Geneva Convention by speaking harshly to a prisoner suspected of firing on coalition troops, ordering him to sit in a stressful position, and denying his constant demands for water and bathroom visits—well-known ploys to avoid interrogation. Her accuser was an interpreter of Palestinian origin who clearly sided with the prisoners.

Rather than support her, the army leadership and the Danish minister of defense, spooked by Abu Ghraib, panicked and allowed the case to go to trial. When a television crew went to Iraq to interview the man she had allegedly mistreated, the camera panned into a backroom—where his friends were seen busily assembling grenade launchers for use against coalition forces! (The captain was found guilty, but later cleared by a higher court.)

Michael Gove, a Conservative MP in Britain, recently wrote that such cases demonstrate "the folly [of having] the armed forces subject to human rights legislation designed for a world in which the only conflicts that ever occur are in court." They also demonstrate why an international criminal court is a very bad idea. Iraq represents a form of warfare unknown to most civilians, a war with no fixed fronts. If the leaders of our armed forces do not stand up for their own when it is justified, it will be increasingly hard to attract the right kind of people to fight for all of us. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Maritain Way

'Too liberal for conservatives, and too conservative for liberals.' **BY EDWARD SHORT**

Not long ago I met a young woman who is studying philosophy at Stanford, and when I told her I was reading a new biography of Jacques Maritain, she said she had never heard of him.

That the greatest Catholic philosopher of the 20th century should now be unknown on the very campuses where, just a generation ago, he was universally read and admired, is profoundly disheartening. The fact that he has been jettisoned from the curriculum to make room for the nominalism of Michel Foucault speaks volumes about the intellectual defeatism that holds sway over our academic elites. This biography, by the French journalist-historian Jean-Luc Barré, should help revive interest in the work of a man who still rewards study.

Jacques & Raissa Maritain
Beggars for Heaven
by Jean-Luc Barré
Notre Dame, 528 pp., $50

While not definitive, it provides a fascinating portrait of a special marriage, and shows how many disparate lives were enriched by the couple's passion for truth. Jean Cocteau, Allen Tate, Marc Chagall, Erik Satie, T.S. Eliot, François Mauriac, Georges Bernanos, Georges Rouault, and Charles Péguy were just a few of the people in the Maritains' enchanted circle. If this is not the critical biography for which one might have hoped, it nonetheless shows the extent to which love (there is no other word for it) animated all of Maritain's work.

Barré is particularly good at showing how indispensable Raissa was to Maritain's moral and intellectual development. She introduced him to the work of Thomas Aquinas, helped him confront the anti-Semitism that still degrades French society, impressed upon him the need for a universalism that could combat communism without neglecting Christian charity, and led him steadily onward in the life of contemplation. Without her, Maritain would never have written such compelling philosophy.

The book has serious omissions. It does not provide sufficient background on the Dreyfus Affair or *Action Française*, nor does it do justice to the moral malaise that led to the fall of France in 1940, or the relationship between the Roman Catholic Church and Vichy.

About the Maritain marriage, Barré says that it "proceeded less from pure chance than from a kind of inspired confluence, brought on by a similar intellectual precocity" and "a similar spiritual disquiet." Before converting to Catholicism, the two were so despondent that they seriously considered suicide. Two very different individuals, they were nonetheless "formed by the same desire for the absolute—an alliance against nothingness and the night, a fusion brought about by the most profound hope."

After converting, they vowed that their marriage would be celibate.The decision was not based on any disdain for nature. "In our journey toward the absolute," Maritain explained, "and in our desire to follow . . . at least one of the counsels of the life of perfection, we wanted to leave the field completely open to our quest for contemplation and union with God." Beaumarchais once said that of all serious things marriage is the most ludicrous. Maritain would have agreed. Yet the comedy he saw was divine comedy. As he observed in *Reflections on America* (1959), "Marriage is essentially spiritual in nature—a complete and irrevocable gift of one to another."

He continued:

> In a free and unceasing ebb and flow of emotion, feeling and thought, each [spouse] really participates, by virtue of love, in that personal life of the other which is, by nature, the other's incommunicable possession. And then each one may become a sort of guardian Angel for the other—prepared as guardian Angels have to be, to forgive a great deal . . . Each one, in other words, may become really dedicated to the good and salvation of the other.

Born in Rostov in 1883, Raissa Oumancoff spent her first ten years in a Chagallian world of rabbis, beggars, fiddlers, and harlequins. The assassination of Czar Alexander II in 1881 led to reprisals against Russia's Jews that caused several hundred thousand of them to emigrate to America and Western Europe. What decided Raissa's father to emigrate was the czar's *ukase* stipulating that only a limited number of Jews would be considered for seats in the gymnasiums and universities. This solicitude for her education caused Raissa to remark that her parents "had understood, even before I could know it myself, that this was where I would find my life—the happiness of my life."

Before settling in Paris, the family stayed for a while with Raissa's maternal grandfather in Mariupol on the Azov Sea. "Their hospitality was proverbial," Raissa recalled. One of the great themes of Barré's book is how Jacques and Raissa would offer similar hospitality in the households they set up in Versailles, Meudon, and Princeton, where their faith and their charity became "a little bridge thrown across the abyss." They formed a little community, a lay apostolate dedicated to bringing the life of faith to those whom priests could not reach.

Born in Paris in 1882, Maritain never got to know his father, a lawyer, whom Barré piquantly describes as

Edward Short is at work on a study of John Henry Newman and his contemporaries.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Raissa Maritain

Notre Dame University Press

part "skeptical aesthete" and part "sensual playboy." His only passion seems to have been shopping for antiques. The many spiritual mentors to whom Maritain would later apprentice himself, from St. Thomas to Léon Bloy, Father Clérissac to Dom Delatte, were, to some degree, substitutes for his absent father. After a brief, unhappy marriage, his parents divorced. Geneviève Favre was one of the first divorcées in France, which only legalized divorce in 1884. In 1904, Paul Maritain died. Jacques experienced a childhood full of abrupt moves from ramshackle households where the only stability came from his schooling, first at the Lycée Henry IV and then at the Sorbonne, where he read Bergson and Spinoza.

It is amusing that his fiercely anticlerical mother should have insisted on his being initially tutored by a liberal Protestant. Maritain would entirely repudiate this tuition in his first book, *Trois Réformateurs* (1925), in which he took Luther, Descartes, and Rousseau to task for alienating the modern self from God. Later, he would include Kant, Schopenhauer, and Bergson in his criticism of what he called "the abdication of the mind," and insist that it was the mission of Thomism "to reconnect with being, to make fruitful all our bonds with human experience." This confidence in the mind's ability to apprehend truth is what has made him a pariah in a postmodernist ethos where the very idea of truth is rejected out of hand.

The seminal event in Maritain's development was the Dreyfus Affair. In 1899, when Georges Clemenceau called for the complete vindication of Dreyfus, Maritain rallied to the cause. To a friend he wrote that he was "ready to suffer anything—even the rude slamming of doors in my face—for the noble cause of the innocent and tortured prisoner." Thus did Maritain become aware, as Barré writes, of "his particular responsibility to his century."

Yet the incoherence of French politics often involved Maritain in positions that he would later regret, so much so that in 1935, in his *Lettre sur l'indépendance*, he insisted that he was neither right nor left wing: "At the heart of the suffering that all the earth is experiencing today, there is doubtless a divine necessity for breaking, not with the world, but with the old servitudes of this world—these are the hard demands of engaged liberty."

It is precisely his "engaged liberty" that has made Maritain, in the words of the philosopher William Sweet, "too liberal for conservatives and too conservative for liberals." This spirit of independence came partly from his mother, who, when warned by her concierge that she was borrowing trouble by entertaining Jewish women in her apartment at the height of the deportations, responded: "Not to worry. This is where the stars meet."

The man who converted the Maritains was Léon Bloy, a proudly penurious novelist, whose career Barré describes in suitably melodramatic terms: "This humiliated Christian, beat down by crushing poverty and handed over to the sneers of the multitude was a man at war. . . . Bloy held on by his faith and survived because of it." His impact on the Maritains was instantaneous. "Instead of being a whitened sepulcher like the Pharisees of any and every age," Maritain recalled, "he was more like a charred and blackened cathedral. The whiteness was within, in the hidden heart of the tabernacle."

One of the great puzzles of Maritain's career is why he associated himself with *Action Française*. Although supportive of the Church as an agent of order, this right-wing royalist movement was also determined to root out what it perceived to be the enemy from within, including Jews, Freemasons, Protestants, and *métèques*, or resident aliens. It was Maritain's spiritual director, Father Clérissac, who recommended that he join the movement, which Clérissac saw as a bulwark against the depredations of liberal democracy. In a letter of 1910 to another spiritual director, Dom Delatte, Maritain showed how much his Catholic mentors had soured him on the republican ideas that had inspired his youth: "We thank you for having pointed out so clearly to us the venom of liberalism and for having provided an irrefutable historical justification for [the] disdain that every Catholic should feel instinctively . . . for all the diminutions, concessions and vilenesses of modern times."

Maritain only repudiated the movement after Pius XI condemned it in 1926. Why he continued marching under the *Action Française* banner for 17 years remains a mystery. Barré suggests that one reason might have been Maritain's desire to convert Charles Maurras, the movement's leader, who, by all accounts, was a brilliant, confused, unsavory man. (To judge from the amount of time

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and effort that Maritain spent trying to convert Gide and Cocteau, this might well have been the case.) In all events, it is not as though he did not recognize or, indeed, understand anti-Semitism. In "The Mystery of Israel" (1939), a pivotal essay, he wrote: "It is difficult not to be struck by the extraordinary baseness . . . of anti-Semitic propaganda. . . . To a mind sufficiently alert, this baseness itself seems disquieting: it must have a mystical meaning."

Despite his interest in the world around him, Maritain always recognized that his real role must be played out in his work. In 1925, he published his brilliantly provocative *Art et Scholastique*, which summoned artists to find "once more the spiritual conditions of *honest* work"—a revolutionary summons at a time when Tristan Tzara was launching the Dada movement. In 1927, he published his groundbreaking *Primauté du spirituel*, which gave eloquent expression to his vision of a renewed Thomistic universalism. "It is to a universal expansion of the intelligence that we are called by love," he wrote. "The time is now. The soul demands pure adherence to the absolutism of truth and charity."

In 1936, he published *Humanisme integrale*, which, taking stock of "the liquidation of four centuries of classical culture," exhorted Christians to undertake "the most true and perfect heroism, the heroism of love," to "work toward the establishment of a new temporal order of the world." Here was a true Christian humanism. In 1932, he published what many consider his masterpiece, *Distinguer pour unir: ou Les Degrès du savoir*, which rejected the nominalism of Kantianism, idealism, pragmatism, and positivism and asserted, instead, that the mind can know what really exists.

Barré is good on how the fall of France affected Maritain. No sooner had the Germans taken possession than the Gestapo went looking for him. They requisitioned his Meudon villa, removed his books from the bookstores, and suspended his classes. Addressing Maritain as "My dear Teacher," Charles de Gaulle urged him repeatedly to join his exiled government in London. Maritain wisely stayed in New York. Most French intellectuals chose to collaborate. The French episcopate embraced Vichy wholeheartedly. Maritain spent much of his time in New York helping Jewish professors who had fled the Nazis find teaching positions with American colleges.

Jacques Maritain

Notre Dame University Press

In *A travers le désastre*, one of the first great works of the Resistance, secretly distributed throughout France in 1942, Maritain boosted morale by instilling solidarity. He called a spade a spade. "The Vichy government is in fact prisoner of the enemy in a trap where it threw itself and all of France along with it." Some historians continue to see nuances in the occupation; Maritain saw only "abominable betrayals everywhere." He was particularly savage about how Pierre Laval and Marshal Pétain had dishonored their country: "To betray her traditional laws of political hospitality, to accept for herself and for her own laws the bestial ignominy of Nazi racism, to hand over foreign Jews welcomed by her since 1935 as into a human and faithful land, to hand over even those who fought for her and in her army in the course of the present war, never in all history has such an infamy been imposed on France."

After the war, Maritain served as de Gaulle's ambassador to the Vatican. Ronald Knox, the English Catholic convert, once advised that "He who travels in the barque of St. Peter had better not look too closely into the engine room." Maritain saw altogether too much of the engine room and concluded that "Catholics are not Catholicism. The mistakes, the clumsiness, the inefficiencies, the lack of concern of Catholics do not involve Catholicism itself. It is not the responsibility of Catholicism to furnish an alibi for the shortcomings of Catholics."

When Maritain returned to Paris after the Second World War and found that he was practically forgotten, he received a letter from his fellow Thomist, Etienne Gilson, who took the liberty of advising his old friend on what Samuel Johnson once referred to as "the justice of posterity."

"Whether you realize it or not, you are great," Gilson told him, "and this is something for which you will never be forgiven." Gilson continued: "Go on with your work, which is irreplaceable, and don't worry about anything; the rest is of no account."

Judging from what Maritain once said about his own mission, it is probable that Gilson's advice did not go unheeded. "I feel like a man walking on a slippery slope," he said, "carrying a very heavy weight in his arms. He must beware of the slightest misstep. What can one do? When it is a question of God's grace, one can only close one's eyes and let it work." ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Big Two

Stalin's lies, Roosevelt's anger, and an awkward alliance. **BY ANDREW ROBERTS**

Corbis

Although Franklin Roosevelt and Joseph Stalin only met twice, at the Tehran Conference in November 1943 and at Yalta in February 1945, they kept in very regular personal correspondence. The first letter was sent by FDR soon after Hitler had invaded the Soviet Union in the summer of 1941, and the 304th, also sent by him, was dated April 11, 1945, the day before Roosevelt died.

My Dear Mr. Stalin
The Complete Correspondence of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Joseph V. Stalin
Edited by Susan Butler
Yale, 384 pp., $35

Astonishingly enough, this is the first complete and accurate record of the whole correspondence ever to be published, although it rates alongside Roosevelt's letters to and from Churchill in importance. The letters occasionally include the crossings-out and alterations made by FDR as he formulated exactly what he wanted to say, making them even more interesting. The letters' fascination lies in the way that they chronicle the subtle shift in power between the leaders of the two emerging superpowers as the Second World War progressed.

In late 1941, the Soviet Union was on the ropes; Hitler's invasion, code-named Operation Barbarossa, had involved over two million well-armed and well-trained men storming across thousands of miles of European Russia to lay siege to the cities of Leningrad, Moscow, and Stalingrad. On October 16, Stalin, who seems to have suffered some kind of mental breakdown when told of the invasion, even had his personal train made ready to spirit him out of Moscow and behind the Urals. If that had happened, the collapse in Soviet morale might well have allowed the Wehrmacht to win the war in the East. Somehow, however, the Russians hung on—even though Leningrad, for example, was subjected to a grueling 900-day siege by the end of which cannibalism was being practiced.

Stalin's letters to Roosevelt during this desperate time are those of a drowning man begging for a lifeline. His thanks when FDR extended lines of credit $1 billion at a time were effusive and heartfelt. On November 4, 1941, Stalin wrote begging for "exceptionally substantial assistance to the Soviet Union in its great and difficult struggle with our common enemy, bloodthirsty Hitlerism. I am prepared to do everything necessary to make this possible."

Asking for virtually nothing in return, Roosevelt supplied the Red Army with as much as America could possibly spare, at a time when General George C. Marshall—one of the great heroes of the 20th century—was building up the military forces of the United States as fast as the Constitution and Congress would allow.

Roosevelt's letters to Stalin in this early period occasionally listed the huge supplies being shipped to the Soviet Union, for example: "Item Six: Trucks, 5,600 immediately and 10,000 monthly thereafter . . . Item 66: Army Boots, at least 200,000 pairs monthly. Item 67: Army Cloth, one million yards will be available"—and so on. In the end, the United States provided the Red Army with no fewer than 5,000 aircraft, 7,000 tanks, and 50 million pairs of boots.

As the war progressed, however, and especially after the Germans surrendered at Stalingrad at the end of January 1943, Stalin reverted to his suspicious, anticapitalist, ungrateful, anti-Western self. Furious at the Anglo-Americans for not invading Western Europe earlier, sensing treachery behind every strategic decision of theirs, fearful lest he would not be able to crush Polish nationalism and grab Eastern Europe, Stalin's letters became more demanding and angry as 1943 turned into 1944.

On December 27, 1944, he wrote to Roosevelt to complain that the Western Allies were effectively supporting Polish democrats, who he characterized as "a criminal terrorist network against Soviet officers and soldiers on the territory of Poland. We cannot reconcile with such a situation when terrorists instigated by Polish emigrants kill in Poland soldiers and

Andrew Roberts is the author of the forthcoming A History of the English-Speaking Peoples Since 1900.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officers of the Red Army, lead a criminal fight against Soviet troops who are liberating Poland, and directly aid our enemies, whose allies they in fact are." To describe Polish democrats as the allies of the Nazis shows Stalin's mentality at the time, only two months before Yalta.

By the time of the Yalta conference in 1945, it is Roosevelt who was attempting to keep the alliance together, trying to entice the Soviet Union into a meaningful United Nations organization after the war. With millions of Red Army troops swarming over Poland, and Soviet divisions only 44 miles from Berlin by the end of the conference, there was nothing that either FDR or Winston Churchill could have done to safeguard political freedom in Eastern Europe—and both knew it. Roosevelt certainly tried everything, including straightforward flattery, to try to bring Stalin around to a reasonable stance on any number of issues after the war was won. But he overestimated what his undoubted aristocratic charm could achieve with the homicidal son of a drunken cobbler.

It is not, however, true to say—as anti-Roosevelt historians regularly do—that FDR went too far in his attempt to win the recalcitrant marshal over to the cause of decency. No vital American interests were compromised. He could also be sharp with the unrepentant killer. On April 4, 1945, Roosevelt wrote to Stalin, "I have received with astonishment your message of April 3 containing an allegation that arrangements which were made between Field Marshals [Harold] Alexander and [Albert] Kesselring at Berne." Pointing out that no negotiations had taken place, Roosevelt concluded, "Frankly I cannot avoid a feeling of bitter resentment towards your informers, whoever they are, for such vile misrepresentations of my actions and those of my trusted subordinates."

This book proves, yet again, that although Roosevelt strove for good relations with Stalin, he was no dupe, and that the Cold War was entirely the fault of the Russian dictator. ♦

London Calling

Freaks, lunatics, and Labour MPs.

BY GREG GUTFELD

London

The British are funny people, and the funniest thing about them is how seriously they take being British.

The Brits still see themselves as somewhat valuable to civilization: a sophisticated bastion of intelligence and wit, home of those programs recycled on Masterpiece Theater, Dame Judi Dench reciting passages from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and Jeremy Paxman sneering at anything that isn't actually Jeremy Paxman. The fact that most Brits think they sound smart somehow allows them to judge Americans, their bastard offspring, as idiots. And racist.

"It's good to see an American show with a black hero," observes the *Observer*'s Andrew Anthony, upon observing the show *Sleeper Cell*—without apparently observing the last three decades of American television. But we can forgive him, for he lives in a land where Yanks are seen as rank, racist, and selfish—un-British qualities exemplified in thought and deed by George W., the dumbest man alive since Ronald Reagan, another knucklehead somehow responsible for upending the cruelest ideological machine known to man.

But come spend some time in England, and you realize that England's reputation for high culture is, in their own words, crap. England may pretend to be the posh hotel, but once inside, you find it to be nothing more than a bilious brothel teeming with pop-star pervs, park-bench fiddlers, and frantic finger-sniffers. And that's just on my block.

England is a country as delusional as a 35-year-old stripper—everyone in the room but her sees that her powers of attraction have faded. Her life is a loose coalition of press-on nails, fake tan, hair extensions, and implants, all held together by the duct tape of delusion. Which is not at all unlike Lea, a star of my favorite U.K. show, *Big Brother*.

I love Lea because I used to draw her when I was 12. Lea is shaped like a puberty-stricken boy's feeble sketch of a desirable female: A large clump of blonde hair, big curves, bulbous lips, massive breasts. Proportionally—it's the only thing a hormone could draw. But Lea is nothing special. For if I described her as a bimbo with implants, regular *Big Brother* viewers would need more specifics. Because, on the top-rated U.K. reality show, implants are as common as pimples at Pizza Hut.

I start with Lea—a divorced, leathery sex performer with a teenage daughter—not because of the appeal of the "oilys," the nickname for two slippery and massive artificially enhanced missiles, but because both are individually bigger than her head. A latecomer to the porn industry, Lea's harrowing hardcore movie has already made the email rounds (to repulse, not to titillate). It wasn't pretty, even by the fourth viewing. Lea came on *BB*, she said, to simultaneously flaunt her giant breasts, and to prove she is more than a woman who flaunts her giant breasts. On the floor of the *BB* house, you could see her hair, falling out. In clumps.

I loved Lea, but I loved all the characters. I am a hopeless addict, infatuated with a program that caters to the British need for ridiculing anyone who attempts to rise above their station with the hope of becoming famous. These "housemates" exemplify the new British entertainer: grotesque but often likable failures, willing to do almost anything to get their name in print. My favorites so far:

Greg Gutfeld is a writer in London.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The family comic linked to a horrible sex crime; a manic-depressive gay cruiser; a crotch-fondling date rapist; a self-pronounced "sexual terrorist" currently serving time as a Canadian waiter; two sickly she-males (one Scottish); a high-priced female escort; an aging housewife/dancer from the Robert Palmer video "Addicted to Love"; and the Rt. Hon. George Galloway, MP.

And then there's the lady who did that thing with the bottle. (More later.)

Big Brother is wildly successful in the U.K. Like *Dallas* during the who-shot-JR period, but without Mary Crosby. *BB*'s enjoyable hysteria is fatigue-resistant, knocking major stories off the front of the tabloids as it effortlessly builds toward a frenzied finale when an audience comprising 60 percent of the entire British viewing public tunes in. Banner-waving crowds turn up, jeering and cheering. I watched it twice—in case I missed anything. I also voted to evict housemates every single week (at roughly 50 pence a pop). And yes, I am still married. The series is so popular that it has spawned three companion shows, including *Big Brother's Little Brother*, *Big Brother's Big Brain*, and *Big Brother's Big Mouth*. I record and watch them all, even on beautiful days, which are rare in London. I can no longer fit into my trousers.

As for the American version of *Big Brother*, there can be no comparison. The U.S. version is crass, formulaic, and dull. The U.K. version is crass, inventive, and smart. Its story lines are as ingenious as those for a scripted show, and the producers treat the characters with the same disdain and affection as viewers do, toying with them the way a cat does a crippled baby bird. Housemates veer from jittery excitement to abject misery (based on assigned tasks) and Big Brother is everywhere, characterized by an emotionless voice—sometimes male, sometimes female, and once or twice Welsh.

By banning books, television, and cell phones, the cast members are forced to deal with each other, creating a magnetic mini-hell that is both riveting and tedious, if that's possible. Because the noncelebrity version lasts three months, it self-selects for volunteers who have three months to spare. Meaning the unemployed and incompetent. I laugh at their uselessness; but then again, I watch every episode (90 plus) as well as the live, overnight feed. And yes, I don't bathe much anymore.

I first became hooked on *BB* during its sixth series, which featured a group of housemates so perverse and obsessive I felt like I was back in Los Angeles. This crew included a leggy transvestite named Kemal, an obsessive gay stalker, a psycho nurse, a gay black Tory, and something called Kinga, a fat blonde monstrosity.

George Galloway and friend

Celebrity Big Brother 4 followed, featuring an awesome selection of troubled, egocentric, and mildly insane C-listers, all verging on breakdown. The housemates included an aging television presenter named Michael Barrymore, who had run off to New Zealand after a man was found dead in his swimming pool. On the show, Barrymore wept like a child, but possessing the soul of a true entertainer, still attempted to rouse housemates by performing a dance number dressed as Hitler. It wasn't half bad.

The cast also included Pete Burns, the former singer of Dead or Alive (known for the addictive but aggravating "You Spin Me Round") who stole the show as an increasingly spiteful she-male, an alien destroyed and then rebuilt by cosmetic surgeons. Dressed in little more than a piece of fabric and heels, with a face full of collagen injections and implants, Burns appeared like a sci-fi hooker from another galaxy—one you'd never visit sober. He bragged that his favorite coat was made of gorilla skin, prompting the police to storm the house to confiscate the jacket. It turned out it was not gorilla at all but Colobus monkey! Animal rights activists hated him, which made him even more endearing.

There was also Dennis Rodman. An unknown in London, his newfound obscurity forced him to act out, scaring housemates by soliciting sex from them at every opportunity. Rodman injected lurid overtones into every conversation, and in a press conference following the end of *BB*, told a reporter that he would be up "in his ass." And George Galloway, the left-wing politician and Respect party member of Parliament, who still laments the loss of the Soviet Union. George thought that joining *BB* would help gain him a "younger audience."

Instead it destroyed his career. And for that *BB* deserves its greatest praise. In one stellar episode, housemates had to place themselves in order of fame from most famous to least famous. George put himself near the top, explaining that over a billion Muslims know him, so technically he's more famous than everyone. Later, he pretended to be a cat, prowling on all floors, lapping up make-believe milk from the willing hands of faded stage star Rula Lenska. He also danced like a robot in red spandex. At his eviction, when host Davina McCall revealed the staggering amount of horrible press headlines he received, George looked like he was going to cry. I hate the guy, but even I felt bad for him.

And now, sadly, the most recent *BB* (7) series has ended, the winner of the show being Tourette's Syndrome sufferer Pete Bennett. He beat out Nikki, the anorexic former escort, a gay waiter named Richard, and an 18-year-old Welsh lifeguard. Among the other housemates waiting to greet him at the end were Shahbaz, a psychopath who admits to being arrested for cruising in parks for anonymous sex. Shahbaz was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forced off the show after experiencing as close to a mental breakdown you can have without swallowing your tongue. Who wasn't there? Sezer, for legal reasons. A housemate evicted early on, he's already been under investigation for rape.

I, like everyone else, really liked Pete Bennett. And his appearance on the show revealed an interesting truth: Whenever anyone with a disability goes on a reality TV show, there are initial complaints that they are being exploited. These pass only when everyone realizes (quickly) that the disability in question isn't that funny: If no one is laughing, it's not exploitation. But once you realize that the exposure of the disability is seen as "raising awareness," you can laugh all you want, and imitate the verbal tics and twitches, which was happening all over Britain, due to Pete's manic outbursts and grimaces. Oh yeah, he also exposed himself in the pool. But I think we've had enough.

Not everyone watches *Big Brother*, of course. You do get your share of pseudo-intellectuals who make a point of telling you they never watch it—much like their same counterparts in America who say they never watch TV in general, as if they've been spending all that saved time knocking out cures for cancer or inventing a flying toaster.

But I don't watch *BB* to make myself feel smarter. I watch it to remind myself that I'm not British. And not being British means I don't need a TV show to express my disdain for idiots. *BB* gives Britain—a country paralyzed by multiculturalism—the chance to stare at the freaks and judge them, laugh at them, berate them. Contrast this with the real lives of Brits: Living in a culture that must tolerate chavs, criminals, lager louts, benefit fraudsters, hooligans, and Islamic nut-bags, often at their own peril. This is a country that allows mullahs to preach the demise of their own country, all in the name of tolerance.

Still, the good news is that *Celebrity Big Brother 5* is practically upon us. I predict the cast will include Boy George, the guitarist from Status Quo, Cindy Sheehan, Siamese Twins, and a four-pound bag of brine shrimp. I put my money on the shrimp. ♦

Books in Brief

***The Female Thing: Dirt, Sex, Envy, Vulnerability* by Laura Kipnis (Pantheon, 192 pp., $23.95).** Thanks to Laura Kipnis, I overcame my addiction to chocolate, cancelled my weekly psychiatric appointment, and no longer get anxious when my boyfriend doesn't call.

That's because Kipnis, in 192 quick pages, has helped me understand the inherent insecurities of my inner womanhood through the two-part theory of femininity versus feminism: "Femininity, at least in its current incarnation, hinges on sustaining an underlying sense of female inadequacy. Feminism, on the other hand, wants to eliminate female inadequacy."

It is simple but enlightening. I now know why I scour *Glamour* for tips on how to tame my latest flame instead of being intrigued by Kim Jong Il; moreover, I understand why I'm bothered by my preference for pop magazines instead of international politics. It's because society has bred me to operate that way. In order to be feminine, the modern woman is supposed to be muddled in frivolity, better at gossiping than growing her stock portfolio; but feminism says that's not acceptable. Managing this—rejecting superficial pursuits while being okay with one's feminine self—is a small miracle, one that few women if any (I wasn't clear) are able to achieve.

This yin and yang of the female thing is explored through the lens of four psychological factors: envy, sex, dirt, and vulnerability. "Envy"—"you denounce the source of your pain but still want what he has"—explores the female relationship to men through a sort of modern penis-envy rationale. Kipnis defines femininity as a machine that creates an insatiable desire for improvement—self-improvement, spousal improvement, world improvement—which men do not have. This, in turn, fuels the female consumer culture, causes women to get hitched (because we want to cash in on the economic and social advantages of being male), and causes strife in relationships because women want more and envy their partner's masculine advantages.

The second chapter, "sex," reads like pornography. For 44 pages, Kipnis spares no adjective in informing her readers about the contradictory nature of female orgasms. Then, for the next eight pages she explains how kids just aren't appealing to educated women.

Next comes "dirt," which I was sure was going to talk about the gossipy nature of my female cohorts. It was actually an essay on why women are addicted to cleanliness: the house, society, sex, skin pores—you name it. Cleaning up provides an outlet for femininity's insatiable desire for self-improvement. Whether or not we are actually addicted to cleaning such things—or femininity causes us to do so—is a matter of one's own judgment; but either way, it was her most interesting postulate.

"Vulnerability" was a different take on rape and the dynamic of women's subordination. The chapter rehashed a bit of the earlier innuendo, but did provide a more academic crescendo for a book that seemed otherwise designed to entertain.

Summing up: *The Female Thing* explores rather than proves the idea that females are victims of the desires that society has created for them. And while it won't be used in college classrooms, it will find a ready market among introspective female yuppies unsettled by their desire to read *Cosmo*, and mildly discomfited by their girlfriends' interest in the mall instead of the Middle East.

—Jillian Bandes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parody

"[Hewlett-Packard's] leak investigation [launched by HP's Chairman Patricia C. Dunn] involved planting false documents, following HP board members and journalists, watching their homes, and obtaining calling records for hundreds of phone numbers belonging to HP directors, journalists and their spouses." **—Washington Post, *September 21, 2006***

Memorandum [C O N F I D E N T I A L]

From: Gum Saddleshoe, Head of Security
To: Patricia Dunn, Chairman

Re: Status of investigation

Dear Pat,

You've emphasized to me that stanching the illicit outflow of golf balls takes top priority under your presidency, and I share your determination to unmask the perpetrators. Today, I regret to say, an additional two balls placed on a table in the Tee Room were removed and have not been recovered.

Now for the good news. We have installed microscopic tracking chips in our continental breakfast. These devices, which are ingested by club members who consume baked goods from the buffet, lodge painlessly in the small intestine and remain functional for several years. They can also be programmed to emit a "come-hither" sound audible only to the ring-necked pheasant, of which we have purchased eight coveys. (Activation may occur in Phase B.)

Equally promising has been our extraordinary rendition program. Mortimer "Skip" Brantwyn was recently detained without incident in the Pelican Room and transferred to Jordanian custody. While Brantwyn has never personally played golf, my contacts in the Mukhabarat say he is acquainted with people who have.

The most substantial budget request I must make is for further investment and research into the Shrinkitron 8000 Project, in which members of my team could retain brain functionality but be reduced in size to a height and width of one centimeter. This could offer a valuable combination of in-depth monitoring with the capabilities of a microscopic human. I project that an investment of $80,000 per week could keep critical research afloat and allow us to incorporate chimpanzee test subjects by 2012.

I hope you'll agree with my approach. I believe neither of us intends to settle until the HP GOLF & COUNTRY CLUB accounts for every ball, becomes the best golf and country club mankind has ever witnessed, and, with any luck, creates a new master race.

Sincerely,

Gum

the weekly Standard
October 2, 2006

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED